THE MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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FRASH'S!

LADIES, if you have not been in to look through our immense line of Cloaks and Wraps, now is a good time to come. This charming weather cannot last long, and even if it does a warm wrap is needed in the nights and mornings. We make

PLUSH SACQUES

—AND—

Plush Short Wraps

An attractive Specialty, because we have a large and varied line of them. Our second floor is occupied exclusively by the Cloak department and in it we have in addition to the above an ELEGANT LINE of

NEWMARKETS

in Checks and Stripes, and a largely varied assortment of Misses and Children's Wraps, so diversified in style and price that we can not fail to please you.

Dress Goods!

are an absorbing topic among the ladies at this season, and we still claim the lead in choice assortment and low prices. All our Dress Flannels, Plaids, Checks and Stripes are the very latest, and popular everywhere.

OUR 50C. DRESS GOODS!

are positively a leading attraction at our store, and any lady will be repaid by looking through them. And we guarantee every yard of silk that is sold over the counter, both in quality and price, and we are sure we have all the very latest shades and weaves. Fancy Silks a noted specialty.

Our Yarn Department

is unusually full, embracing all the popular shades in imported Saxony and midnight Germantown. We do not sell half skeins, but sell full ones, so low that they are really half price.

If you have not seen our Domestic Flannels and Blankets, do so. They are worth looking at in the way of bargains.

Respectfully,

JOHN FRASH,

1st Door West of Postoffice.

WANT TO BECOME STATES.

DELEGATES FROM THREE TERRITORIES IN WASHINGTON

The Question to be Presented Stronger Than Ever Before—Alleged Mexican Outrage Denied—President Cleveland Practicing Horseback Riding

WASHINGTON, Nov 25—It appears that the citizens of the various territories claiming for admission to statehood are undaunted in their work, notwithstanding the predictions freely by some senators and from reliable sources that no territories will become states till after the presidential election next November. The delegates to congress from Montana, Washington and Dakota Territories are here, and say their constituents will make the most heroic efforts to get into the union of states at the approaching session.

Delegate Gifford, of Dakota, writes that a committee of the most prominent men of both parties in his territory—which has led the movements for new states—will be here early in January with propositions that cannot be rejected upon partisan ground. Governor elect Mellette, of Dakota, also writes that the recent vote on division and statehood in that territory have increased the enthusiasm for statehood, and that neither the argument against admission on the ground of participation in the approaching presidential election, nor the uncertainty of the desires of the people on statehood can stand against Dakota.

He also says the proposition to admit one territory as a whole or not at all will be met by the committee which is to come here. None of the territories asks, he says, for the enforcement of the acts which will give them statehood till after the next president is inaugurated. The various committees representing the territories for statehood will deny that they want to get into the Union for office and say they want the development that will follow statehood. The question is to be made an unusually interesting one and is to be agitated early and presented in a stronger and different light than ever before.

Schilling's Story Denied

WASHINGTON, Nov 25—Senor Romero, Mexican minister here, contradicts Louis Schilling's story about alleged outrages against Schilling and other Americans in Mexico. Schilling, he says, was arrested more than a year ago at Piedras Negras, at the request of the United States authorities who prosecuted him for the crime of assault and battery with intent to kill at Pecos, Tex. The personal effects taken from him while in the Mexican jail were returned to him after his extradition and return to Texas.

Subsequently he came to Piedras Negras again a fugitive from Texas justice for the purpose of revenging himself on the Mexican policeman who arrested him first, and delivered him to the Texas authorities. He was again arrested, but in the melee was shot and wounded slightly in the left arm. He managed to escape, and again went to Texas.

As to Schilling's charge that MacCowan and White, of Ohio, were murdered, Mr Romero says he will have it properly investigated, although he thinks it quite unlikely that if such an outrage had been committed in Mexico against two citizens of this country, nobody excepting Schilling should know anything about it, and the consuls of the United States should not have reported it in due time and made a minute investigation of the case.

Cleveland as an Equestrian.

WASHINGTON, Nov 25—The gossips have it that President Cleveland has taken a great interest in a new riding academy that has been started in Washington, and that he is going to learn to go it horseback as a means of exercise. He is to be provided with a strong, half bred horse sixteen and a half hands high and weighing 1,300 pounds. After he has practiced in the academy till he is able to keep his seat without holding on to his horse's mane, he is to appear in public and perform as an equestrian between the White House and Oak View.

The gossips have not yet given Mrs Cleveland a place in this deal. They don't seem to know whether to put her on the back of a horse or keep her in a coupe, but they intimate that she may be obliged to mount a side-saddle.

Thanksgiving at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Nov 25—Dull skies and misty fog characterized the Thanksgiving Day weather at the capital. The churches were well filled. Just before 10:30 the carriages drove up to the executive mansion and took the president, Mrs. Cleveland and the three young ladies who are visiting Mrs. Cleveland, to the Ninth Street Presbyterian church.

The various militia organizations of the district turned out for the first time as boys in blue. The parade ground was near the Washington barracks, and Gen Ordway, with his staff, reviewed them. All the departments were closed and business was completely suspended.

October Immigration.

WASHINGTON, Nov 25—Forty three thousand six hundred and ninety nine immigrants came to this country during October last against 39,225 in October, 1886.

Skull Crushed With an Ax.

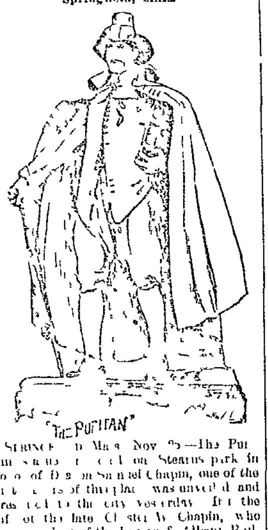
CHATTANOOGA, Tenn, Nov 25—What will prove to be a murder occurred Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in this city. Wednesday night John Sanders took Mark Marshall's wife to a ball, and Thursday the men got into a quarrel over the matter, when Marshall struck Sanders over the head with an ax, crushing in the whole top of his skull. Sanders has been unconscious ever since and is barely alive tonight. Marshall was arrested and lodged in jail.

Well, She Picked the Quarrel.

TORONTO, Ont, Nov 25—Mr Longley, attorney general of Nova Scotia, in a letter to the Mail regarding the fishery commission, says he has good grounds for believing that the Canadian case at Washington is to be subordinated to the interests of the British exporter on the one hand, and to those of the Canadian manufacturer on the other.

"THE PURITAN"

Unveiled and Presented to the City of Springfield, Mass.



SPRINGFIELD, Mass, Nov 25—The Puritan statue erected on Stearns park in honor of Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the first settlers of this place, was unveiled and presented to the city yesterday. It is the gift of the late Chester W Chapin, who was president of the Boston & Albany Railway company. It is of bronze, and is the artistic work of Augustus St Gaudens.

Chester W Chapin, Jr, formally presented the statue, which was received by Mayor E B Maynard. Many descendants of Deacon Chapin were present, including W. F. Chapin, president of Beloit college, Wisconsin, who delivered an appropriate address.

It Was a Billy Goat.

NEW HAVEN, Conn, Nov 25—Since the big Barnum menagerie fire in Bridgeport on Sunday night very many people in this vicinity have been very much scared by what they believed to be prowling wild beasts. Policeman Reilly, of the precinct, quartered while passing Merwin's packing house, Railroad avenue, a night or two ago, heard a great howling in one of the alleyways, and when he turned the glare of his lantern into the darkness he saw some strange sort of spotted animal crouching against the side of the building as though ready for a spring. He at once came to the conclusion that it was one of the escaped animals and hurried to the precinct office for help.

A squad of five patrolmen then hurried to the packing house, obtained an entrance to the building and fired a round from their revolvers at the animal in the darkness. The howling ceased and the policemen then went down and made an examination. They discovered a billy goat with a spotted skin browsing on stubble. This was the animal they had been firing on. He was undisturbed by the bullets.

An Important Ruling.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind, Nov 25—Judge Ayers, of the circuit court, has made an important ruling in the case of the State vs. The Woodruff Sleeping Car company, and the ruling will likewise apply to the Pullman. The suit was brought to collect a tax of 2 per cent on the gross receipts of the company on all business done in the state. The company set out in detail that it had no business among lines operated solely within the state, that none of its officers were within the jurisdiction of the state courts, that in a similar case brought by the company in the federal court in 1882, the law was declared unconstitutional and that the matter had been allowed to rest since that time. No appeal being made Judge Ayers dismissed the complaint. An appeal was taken to the supreme court.

Guttenberg, New Jersey, Races

GUTTENBERG, N J, Nov 25—The attendance was very large. Track heavy.

First race, five furlongs. Bradburn first, Nonsense second, St John third. Time 1:07½.

Second race, seven furlongs. Sight Unseen first, Duke of Montalbo second, Blizzard third. Time 1:40½.

Third race, three quarter mile. Neptunus first, Nailer second, Minnie St John third. Time 1:24.

Fourth race, one and one eighth miles. Change first, Nettle second, Windsail third. Time 2:03½.

Fifth race, three quarter mile. Clatter first, Neptunus second, Anarchy third. Time 1:24.

Rosalind Wilkes Wins

MORRISANIA, N Y, Nov 25—The great trotting match between Rosalind Wilkes and Kenilworth over the Fleetwood track took place yesterday and was won by Rosalind Wilkes in straight heats in 2:21¼, 2:23¾, 2:24. The mare won easily and could have trotted much faster. A large amount of money changed hands on the race, but after the first heat it was dollars to doughnuts on the mare, Kenilworth being fairly outclassed.

Two Pulp Mills Burned

KAUKAUNA, Wis, Nov 25—At 9 o'clock Wednesday evening fire broke out in pulp mill owned and operated by Thomas Ross, and soon spread to the Union pulp mill adjoining. In an hour both mills were in ruins. The loss on the Ross mill is $10,000, and on the Union pulp mill $70,000. The latter was one of the largest mills in the state.

Roasted Eggs.

MACON, Mo, Nov 25—John J Davis' egg warehouse, the largest in the state, containing 70,000 dozen eggs, was burned last night. The opera house adjoining were badly damaged, the scenery and interior being ruined. Wright's tobacco factory caught fire, but the flames were extinguished. Loss $110,000; insurance, $9,000.

St. Louis Gas Fuel Enterprise

ST LOUIS, Nov 25—Parties from Pennsylvania have arrived in this city for the purpose of organizing a gas company to operate a fuel gas plant. The plan is to manufacture gas at a central point in the coal districts of Illinois just east of this city and bring it here in pipes. It is expected that a million or more dollars will be expended in the enterprise.

THE REICHSTAG OPENED

BY EMPEROR WILLIAM IN PERSON YESTERDAY.

Synopsis of His Message—President Grevy Requests M. Ribot to Form a New Cabinet—Tenants Reinstated—Band of Nihilists Captured—Foreign Notes.

BERLIN, Nov 25—The reichstag was opened at noon yesterday by the emperor in person. The ceremony took place as customary in the white hall of the royal castle where the members of the reichstag attended in body. After reciting the blessings of God upon the empire and returning thanks for them, the emperor declared that the empire's foreign policy had successfully endeavored to strengthen the peace of Europe by the cultivation of friendly relations with all powers, by means of treaties and alliances which aim to avert the dangers of war.

"Germany," continued the emperor, "has no wants that needs satisfaction obtained through victorious wars, and an unchristian disposition to surprise neighboring nations is foreign to German nature, and to the empire's constitution. The grave complaint with which the crown prince, Frederick William, is afflicted fills the mind of the emperor, of his allies and all Germany with anxious care. Nothing that science and careful attention can do must be left undone. Our eyes and prayers are directed to Almighty God, whose decrees rule the destinies of nations as well as the life of individual man."

The message stated that there was a gratifying improvement in the finances of the Empire and that next year a surplus of nearly fifty million marks was expected. Bills were announced abolishing the compulsory contributions of officers and imperial officials to the widows' and orphans' fund, increasing the corn duties, and modifying the landwehr and landsturm system of military service, whereby the system will be considerably strengthened, referring to an insurance for artisans against old age and sickness, prolonging the Austro-German commercial treaty, and ratifying commercial treaties with some South American states.

The president of the reichstag was authorized to convey expressions of the members' sympathy to the emperor for the illness of the crown prince, and to send to Prince Frederick William the following telegram:

"May God protect your precious life, and preserve it for the salvation of the Fatherland."

Requested to Form a New Cabinet.

PARIS, Nov 25—President Grevy had a second interview with M Ribot yesterday in which he requested the latter to form a new cabinet, and charged him with the duty of conveying his message of resignation to the chamber of delegates. M Ribot agreed to form the cabinet but advised the president that as the delivery of a message was a political act, the tenor of which required the approval of a cabinet, to retain the Rouvier ministry until his resignation was fulfilled, and to confer with the retiring ministers. President Grevy accordingly summoned Premier Rouvier and his colleagues.

It is reported that Ribot's cabinet will probably include MM Flourens, Waldeck Rousseau, Sadi Carnot and Gen Farrars.

The extreme Radicals are trying to prepare a charge of treason against President Grevy for his personal action toward the government of Peru and the French tribunals in the Dreyfus Guano affair.

Americans Celebrate Thanksgiving

LONDON, Nov 25—Thanksgiving Day has passed very quietly among Americans here, and beyond a little extra attention to the dinner the day has been unobserved. One notable exception, however, was the dinner given by the American undergraduates at Oxford. Young Charles Phelps, son of the American minister, successfully delivered himself on this occasion of his maiden effort in the way of a speech.

American Minister Pendleton presided over a Thanksgiving banquet, given by the American colony at Berlin. Kindly allusions to the Crown Prince Frederick William were made.

Lord Mayor of Dublin in Trouble.

DUBLIN, Nov 25—Mr Timothy Sullivan, lord mayor of Dublin, has received seven summonses to appear in court for publishing in his Nation reports of the suppressed branches of the National league. His case was dismissed for want of evidence a few weeks ago when he was on trial for the same charge. His new trial is set for the first of December.

Limerick's Meeting Proclaimed

DUBLIN, Nov 25—The contemplated meeting to be held at Limerick on Sunday night next has been proclaimed by the government and the Dublin castle people intend to stop it at all hazards. The meeting, for the purpose of unveiling a cross erected in the cemetery to the memory of the Irish patriots Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

Tenants Reinstated

DUBLIN, Nov 25—One hundred and thirty of the tenants at Gweedore have been reinstated on their holdings, and a reduction, aggregating £2,500 made in their arrears in rent. There is great rejoicing among the tenantry at that place.

Two Members to be Prosecuted

DUBLIN, Nov 25—The government has decided to prosecute Messrs Thomas Mayne, member of parliament for Tipperary, and David Sheehy, member of parliament for Galway, under the crimes act.

Has Found a Bacillus.

BERLIN, Nov 25—The Kreuz Zeitung states that Dr Schenerlin, who has been experimenting, has discovered a bacillus the existence of which has long been suspected as the cause of cancer.

Nihilists Captured.

ST PETERSBURG, Nov 25—The police yesterday surprised in their retreat an armed band of Nihilists, who were finally captured after offering a desperate resistance.

The Crown Prince Takes a Walk

BERLIN, Nov 25—The weather was fine at San Remo yesterday, and the crown prince took both a drive and a walk. He looked well and appeared to enjoy the exercise.

Came to It at Last.

DUBLIN, Nov 25—Mr Mandeville put on the prison garb in Tullamore jail. Mr O'Brien is suffering from insomnia.

BARBARITIES ON THE ISTHMUS.

Riot and Panic on a Train—A Series of Fiendish Outrages

PANAMA, Nov 25—On a train from Colon reaching Panama a drunken Liberian got into a fight and received a slight knife wound. The conductor put him off the train. A number of Carthagenians on the train had stones in their pockets, which were viciously thrown about. A panic resulted and many persons were severely injured.

When the train reached Bas Abispo there were about thirty or forty Liberians just paid off, all eager to attack the Carthagenians, and all armed with machettes. They were driven from the station platform and fled to the woods, where they were joined by other Liberians.

In the woods the Africans are reported to have given themselves up to the practice of every species of barbarity. They threw away whatever clothing they had, and substituted therefor the primitive apron of leaves. Women were seized and fiendishly violated, while the men captured were mutilated in a horrible manner. Several deaths have followed from the terrible injuries inflicted.

The Revista Catholica of Bogota, speaking of mission work in Colombia, says that in Caqueta, San Martin, Casanare, La Goajira, Sierra Nevada, Choca, Goon and Darien there are over two hundred thousand Colombians who live a savage life.

Many of these people—men, women and children—are stolen and sold into a life of slavery of the vilest description. Sometimes combats take place, from which result the slaughter of hundreds, whose bodies are left where they fall.

The Revista Catholica also refers to the plunder of Colombian citizens on the Putumayo and Napo by Dolores Remedios, and to his infamous slave-dealing transactions, and particularly to his public salon, the lower amazon of women who have been stolen from Columbia.

MILWAUKEE BREWERS

Do Not Consider the Malsters' and Brewers' Union in Existence

MILWAUKEE, Wis, Nov 25—A circular has been issued to the laborers and hands of the different brewing companies of this city and was distributed to-day. The circular says that "the managers of the Brewers' and Malsters' Union No 9 have by their boycott against three of the breweries without trying to arbitrate matters broken the contracts that have been entered into by them with the firms last spring, and the following firms will not consider Brewers' and Malsters' Union No 9 in existence any longer. The firms will pay the same wages and will keep the same working hands. If the managers of the union in consequence of our action should order a strike, we promise and guarantee to all our hands that will stay with us, so long as they do their duty, our protection and permanent employment, so that they can depend on secure existence for their families. Laborers, think of your wives and children."

It is signed by the following firms: Philip Best Brewing company, Schlitz Brewing company, Franz Falk Brewing company, Valentine Blatz Brewing company, F. M. Miller Brewing company, Jung and Korchart Brewing company, Crown City Brewing company, J Gettleman Brewing company.

A letter has been sent to the secretary of the Brewers' and Maltsters' Union No 9 in which the reason for those actions of the brewers are stated, and a resolution copied in which all brewing firms declare the contract broken.

A Whole Family Burned to Death

VERMONT, Ill, Nov 25—At Browning, a small station fourteen miles south of here, Tuesday night Charles Fackler, his wife and child, aged about one year, lost their lives by the burning of the old Hollingsworth house, of which they were inmates. Whether the fire was the work of an incendiary or caught from a defective flue is unknown, but there is a strong suspicion that the building was fired by an incendiary. The fire was not discovered until too late to render assistance. Fackler was twenty four years old. The charred remains of Fackler and wife were recovered from the ruins but the babe's was not found.

Three Men Killed.

BOSTON, Nov 25—A wagon containing Patrick Gorman, Joseph L Burke, William Hannon and Charles Hannon, was driven through the safety gate of the Boston & Albany crossing at West Newton yesterday. The horse turned and ran down the track and was overtaken by a train. The two Hannons were killed. Burke was fatally hurt, and Gorman badly bruised. The wagon was demolished and the horse had to be shot. The men all lived at Cochituate. Gorman, who was driving, says the other men were drunk. He had to hold one of them on the seat with one arm and therefore lost control of the horse.

Papal Jubilee Celebration.

MILWAUKEE, Wis, Nov 25—Five thousand Catholics marched through the sleet and mud yesterday, in celebration of the pope's golden jubilee. The archepiscopal residence and the churches were elaborately decorated with the papal colors. At the exposition building there was a mass meeting, at which addresses were made by ex Mayor O'Neill and Catholic clergymen.

Farmer Found Murdered

ROMEO, Mich, Nov 25—L K Shaw, a farmer living four miles southwest of Romeo, Macomb county, this state, came to this place on Wednesday, and received $600 for wheat he had marketed. Not returning home that night search was made for him and his body was found in a piece of woods about four miles from Romeo in a direction different from that to his home.

A Doctor Suicides

NEW YORK, Nov 25—Dr Alexander Hogarth, aged fifty eight years, shot and killed himself yesterday afternoon at his residence, 351 West Forty second street. He was formerly a prominent practitioner, but of late years had been a victim of melancholia, and was for a time confined in an insane asylum.

THE THIBODEAUX RIOT.

CONFLICTING REPORTS OF IT REACH NEW ORLEANS

Armed White Men Drive Every Negro From the Town to the Plantations and Woods—Pickets Fired on From an Ambush—Many of the Leaders Leave

NEW ORLEANS, Nov 25—The reports that come from Thibodeaux Thursday, show very clearly that there was no battle at the picket post as was reported Wednesday, but that the negroes were killed in the town. After the shooting of the white pickets, Molaison and Gorman, the whites assembled in the court house were called to arms, and it was decided that the safety of the town required that the negro leaders be driven out.

The armed whites therefore marched upon President and St Charles streets, and the east side of the town, where most of the negroes were congregated. Along these streets the vigilants marched, going from house to house, searching for arms and ammunition, dispersing the armed negroes and firing on every negro man who made his appearance. St Charles street, where most of the shooting was done, runs north and south, the cross streets all ending there.

Most of the negro men had, therefore, only to run through their yards and jump over the fence, whence they could escape into the fields and make their way to Acadia plantation and the woods. They were fired on as they ran through the field, and it sounded like the skirmish previous to a battle. No negro attempted to resist or to fire a shot in return. All seemed bent wholly on escaping.

In this shooting six men were killed, one fatally wounded, who died Wednesday night, and two others seriously wounded, who will die. The women and children were not molested in any way, but an old blind woman, who ran out of her cabin at the noise of the firing was wounded, and died Wednesday.

The shooting lasted from twenty minutes to an hour, at the end of which time, every negro man had fled from town or was hidden or barricaded in his house. Thursday, the pickets at the foot of Jackson street, were fired on from the cane, but no one was hurt.

Most of the negroes went at work on the plantations Thursday, but a panicky feeling still prevailed among them, and they appeared to be afraid that the strikers would attack them. Many of the leaders in the strike have left the parish.

ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

The Beast Springs Upon a Couple of Train Men, but is Finally Dispatched

OMAHA, Neb, Nov 25—Engineer Markham and his fireman had a lively encounter with a panther between Hinden and Axtell. Some part of the machinery got out of order, and the train was stopped. He and his fireman got out and were at work on both sides of the engine. Just as they were completing the repairs a terrible yell was heard and before Markham could turn a large panther sprang upon him and buried its claws in the engineer's shoulder.

The fireman came to his rescue, and struck the brute over the head with a heavy wrench. This partially stunned the panther, which loosened its hold, but before either of the men could take advantage of the situation he made a vicious leap for the fireman, burying one of its claws in the man's eye. Markham then pulled his pistol, and by a lucky shot hit the panther between the eyes, killing him. Both men were badly hurt, and will be laid up for some time.

Races at Clifton, New Jersey.

CLIFTON, N J, Nov 25—There was a great crowd at the racing yesterday, and the events were well contested.

First race, five eighths of a mile. Micawber first, Cornus second, J J Healy third. Time 1:10.

Second race, three quarters of a mile. Crafton first, Sweeney second, Queen of Hearts third. Time 1:23½.

Third race, three quarters of a mile. Courtier first, Spring Eagle second, Carrie G third. Time 1:23¼.

Fourth race, one mile. Glenlon first, Vitello second, Harwood third. Time 1:55½.

Fifth race, seven eighths of a mile. Lancaster first, Pat Divver second. Time 1:39¼. It looked like a dead heat, and the crowd, led by Cohen, owner of Pat Divver, mobbed the drivers. A twenty minute fight took place which ended without bloodshed. Pools were declared off.

Sixth race, one mile. Brilliantoon first, Hannibal second, Belmont third. Time 7:56¼.

Coke Syndicate Busted.

PITTSBURG, Nov 25—The coke producers will in the future conduct their business separately. That is the verdict of the conference held this week, as it was stated that the members of the syndicate were finding daily that they could not control the market, nor could they control the car allotments. When the syndicate organized there were the Connellsville Coke Producers' association and three independent producers, Messrs Rainey, Cochran and Moore, who together operated two hundred ovens. The Producers' association affiliated with the syndicate, which sold its coke. Now there are 2,172 ovens which are controlled by independent producers, and with a capacity of 250 cars per day. These ovens are bound by an agreement and can practically render futile any attempt of the four syndicate members to sustain a price. As one of the latter remarked, "The tail had begun to wag the dog." Beside this, the internal dissensions in the syndicate have conspired against a reorganization.

The Freiheit's Wail

NEW YORK, Nov 25—Herr Most's Freiheit this week denounces the capitalists or "robber class" and predicts that Bismarckism will soon prevail in this country, that is that no discussion of reforms will be allowed, and that the policeman's club will be all-powerful.

Lost His Roll.

CANTON, O, Nov 25—John P Hollar came here from Carrollton with $390 in his pocket. He was enticed into a gambling den and robbed of $300 of it. George Andrews, a horse jockey and gambler, was arrested and jailed for the robbing.

BRIEF MENTION,

News of the Day Compressed for the Hasty Peruser.

Two colored children were burned to death at Chesterfield, S C.

John Rice, a well known minstrel, died at the Chicago hospital of consumption.

Heavy rains in Tennessee have extinguished the forest fires in that section.

The car axle works of Block & Pollak, Cincinnati, were burned Thursday night.

Samuel J Foster, a railroad man, died yesterday at Sedalia, Mo, of hydrophobia.

James G Douglas, a prominent citizen of Indianapolis, dropped dead of heart disease.

Mrs. Anna Snoots, of Adamsville, O, has been indicted by the grand jury for poisoning two of her children.

The administrator's report shows a balance of $3,758 belonging to the estate of the late John McCullough.

Thomas E Murphy, son of Francis Murphy, is conducting a wonderful temperance revival at Shelbyville, Ind.

Walter C Orr, a lad thirteen years old, was crushed to death between two cars on the Belt railroad, at Evansville.

Four returned refugees took the yellow fever at Tampa, Fla, Thursday. Others are warned not to return until notified.

Carruthers, of the St Louis Browns, has been sold to Brooklyn. Cincinnati offered $8,500 for his release, but it was refused.

William and Charles Harmon were killed, and Joseph L. Burke was fatally injured, by being struck by a train at Boston, Mass.

"Blinky" Morgan has been removed from the Ravenna jail to the penitentiary, to await the execution of the sentence of death.

Miss Lena Wolfcale, residing near Austintown, O, committed suicide by taking a large dose of morphia. No cause is assigned.

A party of capitalists propose to operate fuel gas plant in the neighborhood of St. Louis, and will pipe it to the city for fuel purposes.

Judge John F Philips of Kansas City, it is announced, has been appointed commissioner of the general land office, to succeed Gen Sparks.

In a collision on the Dayton & Michigan railroad twenty freight cars and an engine were derailed. Loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

Six frame buildings at Logan, O, were consumed by fire Thursday morning. Loss about $15,000 on buildings and contents, partly covered by insurance.

Creditors of I B Rosenthal & Company, have commenced proceedings in St. Louis to have a receiver appointed. Fraud is charged on the part of the firm.

Passenger and freight conductors and brakemen on the Ohio division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad have had their wages liberally increased by the company.

By a collision between freight trains on the Cincinnati road, near Mono, ninety five miles north of Chattanooga, two of the train men were killed and several were injured.

All the hands in the Manitoba machine shops and round house at Barnesville, Minn, about two hundred in number, quit work because they have not been paid for a month past.

The great game of foot ball between Harvard and Yale Thursday was witnessed by 20,000 people. It was a splendid struggle, and ended in favor of Yale, the score being 17 to 8.

Indications.

WASHINGTON, Nov 25—Light rains, followed by fair weather, slightly colder, light to fresh winds, generally shifting to westerly.

SPARKS' SUCCESSOR.

The Impression That Judge Philips, of Kansas City, is the Man.

KANSAS CITY, Mo, Nov 25—The Journal prints a statement announcing the appointment of Judge John F Phillips, of Kansas City, as commissioner of the general land office, to succeed Gen Sparks. Judge Phillips, in an interview, said last night: "I have received no information whatever that such an appointment has been made, if it has, it is a surprise."

Judge Phillips is presiding judge of the court of appeals of this city. He is a native of Missouri, having been born in Boone county in 1834. He read law under Gen John B Clark Sr, in Fayette county, and afterward began the practice of law at Georgetown. He was a member of the Federal convention of Missouri in 1861, and served throughout the war as lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the Union army.

He was a delegate to the Democratic National convention of 1868, and was elected to the Forty fourth and Forty sixth congresses. In 1876 he served with Mr Lamar as the congressional committee which investigated the Hayes Tilden election in South Carolina. In 1883 he was appointed a member of the supreme court commission, and in 1885 was appointed by Governor Crittenden presiding judge of the court of appeals of Kansas City, which office he has since held.

Reduction of Wages Necessary.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov 25—The American Iron and Steel Bulletin says: "It is not true that all steel mills will be closed in December owing to dullness in orders, but it is true that some mills may stop work for an indefinite period because of their inability to make rails at present prices of production. If prices do not improve a general reduction of wages at all the mills may become necessary soon. Reductions have already been made at the Steelton, Troy and Worcester mills. At the first-named the reduction averages about 10 per cent.

John McCullough's Estate.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov 25—The account of the administrator of the estate of the actor, John McCullough, has been filed. It shows a balance of $12,758 for division between the widow and surviving son, James McCullough, who has assigned his share in trust for his wife and daughter.

Returns to New York After Four Years.

NEW YORK, Nov 25—Mme. Etelka Gerster made her appearance in concert last evening at the Metropolitan opera house, after an absence from New York of over four years. She received a hearty welcome.

MARION WEEKLY STAR.

PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

STAR PUBLISHING CO. - - - PROPRIETORS.

A [illegible] RD - NOVEMBER 25

ALEXANDER, of Russia, and William, of Germany, met at Berlin, with all the pomp and circumstance customary on such occasions, while all the other kings, and the queens and crown wearers of Europe leaned on their thrones and craned their necks to catch the faintest whisper of their conference. It is significant that the populace of Berlin looked on the pageant without shouting itself hoarse. There was a time when such a meeting would have been viewed as a portent of coalition and conquest. But with Alexander afraid of his own people, and William weak with his 90 years of troubled life, there can have been but little more in this conference than mutual condolence and anxiety for the statu quo.

THE Ohio Centennial Exposition, to be held at Columbus during September and October, 1888, will be an event in which every native and every resident of the Buckeye State will take an interest. The organization of the Exposition is now complete. It is divided into sixteen departments, each under the charge of competent commissioners, and will fitly illustrate Ohio's progress during the first century of its settlement.

HONG YEN CHANG, a Chinaman, has been admitted to the bar in New York. Lawyer Chang is about twenty six years old, and has grown to manhood in New York. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1886, and by a special legislative enactment last spring the general term was directed to waive the race disabilities and admit him to practice on his passing a satisfactory examination.

IT is said a few years ago the wife of General Crook, while traveling in Arizona, threw away from a car window the remains of some watercress which she had brought from a distant part of the country. The bits of herb fell into a brook and took root, and now watercress is growing luxuriantly all through that part of the Territory, where it was entirely unknown before.

A REMARKABLE case of "substitution" was recently found in a Georgia iron mine. Workmen digging came upon a pine stump, or what had been a pine stump, now converted into brown iron ore. The stump showed all the fibers and bark of the original pine tree, and resin breaks were plainly seen in places.

A BOSTON man who makes raspberry jam for a living is authority for the statement that "we don't use any raspberries at all in making the jam." What he does use, it appears, are tomatoes, glucose, hay seed and a little prepared raspberry flavor.

SENATOR FARWELL of Illinois, who has just returned from Europe, declares that his choice for the next President is Gen. Sheridan, who, he says, would "run like a scared Indian." The General has a very poor reputation as a runner, however.

THE late election puts New Jersey and Virginia in the doubtful column. There will be plenty of fighting chance for both parties, and the party that nominates the best man will win.

A Javanese Dreamer

To transform men into all sorts of beings, both vegetable and animal, from sweet scented flowers to pigs and predatory animals, yea even into rocks of salt, was a favorite pastime with all the [illegible] and magicians of old. But the transformation of a happy couple into a pair of cannon is something incomparable—reserved to the reigning divinity of the island of Java in the East Indian archipelago. Setamu was the wisest of the wise men of Java and prime minister and governor at the same time, and his wife Satomi the most beautiful and most adorable of women and an invaluable helpmate in all her husband's onerous duties of government.

Some night King Saul had a dream that the Javanese god had made him a present of a pair of the most beautiful cannons in the world. He called on his prime minister and sent him off to find the cannon. The minister took his faithful wife with him, and they wandered for years without finding the cannon. At last they went into a temple and prayed fervently to their god to let them find the promised cannon, as they could not return to the king without them. That same night Setamu's son has a dream that he could find the cannon in the same temple where his parents had taken refuge. He goes there but sees no trace of either his parents or the cannon. At last he goes to the couch where his parents had been sleeping, and—lo and behold!—there are the two cannon wrapped up in counterpanes like sleeping beauties. After that the cannon were set up as miracle workers in the temple—the he cannon for the male population, the she cannon for the females.—De Amsterdammer Weekblad.

Robert Garnett Improving

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25.—Mr. Howard Munnickhugsen, who went with Mr. Robert Garnett, has arrived home. He reports that he left Mr. Garnett and party at Denver and that the ex-president of the Baltimore & Ohio, is much better in health.

Littlewood Leads by Twenty-two Miles

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—At midnight the score in the walking match stood as follows: Littlewood, 4[illegible] miles; Albert, 417 miles; Panchot, 400 miles; Noremac, [illegible] miles; Elson, 3[illegible] miles.

Sidney Dillon a Railroad President

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The Tribune says that Sidney Dillon has been elected president of the Oregon & Transcontinental Railroad company, vice Elijah Smith, resigned.

SCIENTIFIC SQUIBS

The electric light has been applied to the cycles. [illegible] cycle club [illegible] lighted [illegible] by means [illegible] a [illegible] lamp [illegible] reflector. The [illegible] light being [illegible].

Sebastian Wolf, an Austrian, has patented a process for cutting the silk that can be spun [illegible] lengths [illegible] will have [illegible] water [illegible] machines and spun like [illegible]. This gives a very uniform thread and lessens [illegible].

The presence of sewer gas in a room may be detected as follows: Saturate unglazed paper with a solution of [illegible] of pure acetate of lead in eight fluid ounces of rain water; [illegible] partially dry the [illegible] in the room suspected of containing sewer gas. The presence of the gas in any considerable quantity soon [illegible] the [illegible] paper.

Experts say that a [illegible] be made of malleable iron and steel. At the Centennial exhibition a piece of steel rolled by a mill in Pittsburg was so thin that it weighed less than a [illegible] and could be blown off the hand [illegible] than paper the same size. [illegible] will be rolled [illegible] and the pattern pressed into them. [illegible] light, heavy and [illegible] children's underwear and perhaps for trimming hats, wings and dresses.

A newly patented pavement is said to have been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which consists of intermingled layers of hard and soft material, so that the process of wearing always produces [illegible] on the surface. The new system of paving is the idea of Mr. Rinyard, an English inventor, and comprises the use of blocks having alternate hard and soft layers, such as Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement, which are set up [illegible] so that the edges of these laminæ form a wearing surface. The blocks are made four inches high and may be worn to less than an inch without becoming smooth, like granite blocks.

THE LATEST IN JEWELS

A novel design for a scarf pin is a pair of gold tweezers holding in their grasp a pearl.

The English death's head [illegible] with small diamond [illegible] popular design for a brooch.

In cuff buttons a novel design is a square composed of a mass of golden wires, extending in four different directions.

A pond lily leaf, under the upturned stem of which is seated a miniature frog, is a novelty in letter openers of oxidized silver.

An enamel duck, with breast of diamonds, seated on a bar of gold, each end of which is set with a pearl, is a unique brooch design.

A pretty pendant for a chatelaine is a cluster of six gold balls heavily frosted. At each point where the balls connect is a small turquoise.

A bunch of pond lilies in oxidized silver, the stems of which pass through a large frost leaf, is an attractive design for a brooch.

Pen holders are now being made in solid gold. A recent design had at the top end of the holder an exceedingly lifelike fly of platina.

A handsome paper cutter is equally [illegible] of white finished silver, around the shank of which is coiled a large oxidized snake of the same metal.

Two golden bugs, with garnet wings and diamond necks, fighting a duel on a branch of gold with miniature swords of silver, is a grotesque design for a brooch.

An oxidized silver case for a shaving brush, ornamented with heraldic designs, is an attractive article which promises to find favor this season as a Christmas present.—Jewelers' Weekly.

QUEER HAPPENINGS

Four burglars at Grand Rapids, Mich., were caught while sleeping in the cellar of a house which they had robbed.

John Chevrier, of Ottawa, while camping out on a hunting expedition, got up in his sleep, walked into the camp fire and was fatally burned.

The [illegible] year old child of D. [illegible], of Jackson, La., fell feet first into a bored well forty three feet deep and was fished out with pothooks unhurt.

A piece of timber was blown into the shaft of the [illegible] Crown mine, Cheyenne, Wy., [illegible] S. Bryant, of [illegible], was working [illegible] feet below and killing him [illegible].

Fanny [illegible], the wife of Willis [illegible] [illegible] family by [illegible] twins [illegible] all of whom are living.

While a number of [illegible] were talking on the platform of a [illegible] recently the [illegible] that one [illegible] was [illegible] all the others. The [illegible] the party [illegible] an Indian [illegible].

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

A [illegible] Joseph Roe [illegible].

Mr. Anna [illegible] Mount [illegible] N. [illegible].

William Stuart [illegible] from Augusta [illegible] six [illegible] still.

A [illegible] New [illegible].

[illegible] Charles [illegible] in Kansas City.

HYMEN'S QUEER FREAK

[illegible] Mount [illegible].

[illegible] Rev. Mr. Sargent [illegible] recently.

[illegible] the marriage of Mr. [illegible] and Miss Mary [illegible] ing [illegible] from Manitowoc, aged 16.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A Dreary Day

Bobby (Sunday afternoon)—What a dreadful long, dreary day Sunday is mother.

Mother—Why do you find it dreary, Bobby?

Bobby (after some thought)—I s'pose it's because pa stays home all day.—Texas Siftings.

Revision

Mr. Robert [illegible], who lives on the [illegible] farm, has a little boy, Dave, who is just old enough to be taught to say his prayers. The other evening his mother was teaching him the Lord's prayer and got along very well until they reached the line "Give us this day our daily bread."

He then repeated it twice, but the child made no attempt to follow.

"Why don't you say it?" urged his mother.

"Cause I don't want bread," said the boy, "I want pie."—Oil City Derrick.

A Fresh Solution

Little Mollie was caught by her mother stealing apples from the tree and severely rebuked. Her mother told her she must not touch the apples, as she was going to make preserves of them.

On the following Sunday little Mollie's school teacher, while walking home with her from Sunday school, asked her why God forbid Adam and Eve to eat of the tree in the midst of the garden.

"Because he wanted to make preserves of the apples," was the childish reply.—Texas Siftings.

Not Altogether Friendless

The small child is to the front again. He had been naughty. The naughtiness of youth and the naughtiness of age are widely different.

"If you do that nobody will love you," the tender mother told him.

"I am too; I know one who'll like me," he answered.

"Who?"

"Satan. He likes the bad ones."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Case of Choke

Jessie's teacher gave her pupils a party, to which little brother was invited. He ate heartily of ice cream and cake and was found reposing on the bench in the porch, while the other children were at play in the yard. When asked why he didn't join them, he exclaimed:

"Oh I can't play, my pants choke me so!"—Youth's Companion.

A Hidden Sting

A little [illegible] year old Rocklander went into a market last week and helping herself to a green pepper tried to eat it. After she had tasted the marketman asked her what the matter was with the fruit, and she replied, between sobs: "Ver was a bumble bee in it."—Middleboro News.

A Profound Reflection

Grandpa! inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"

"Yes, my child. Every one in this world must die when his time comes."

"Well—long pause—what I'd like to know is who'll bury the last man?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Pointed Composition

A Burlington teacher told one of her boys that the next time he wrote a composition there must be some point to it. The subject of his next disquisition was "Needles."—Burlington Free Press.

Two Stories With a Shave

"We always want what we haven't got," remarked a philosophic barber as he rubbed some Croton water on the reporter's head and charged him for bay rum. "Twenty years ago one of my customers was complaining that his mustache wouldn't grow and now, when he has a mustache, he is fretting that his hair won't grow. When a man gets as bald as that he either becomes a Socialist or else makes a hermit of himself and ponders over the problem as to whether life is worth living.

"A man came in this morning and asked me if I could cut his hair without blowing in his face. He said he had been trying to get his hair cut for a whole week. The first barber he went to blew away the clippings at each movement of the shears and his breath [illegible] whisky was his chief article of [illegible]. It was bad whisky and it smelt worse [illegible]. [illegible] the man slipped out of the chair with one side of his head cropped. The one didn't like whisky. He ate garlic. He man hurried out of the place with his [illegible] half shaved. This was the condition I found him in, but I soon had him presentable. When he was going out he asked me why I never blew the hair off a customer. 'Because I can't,' said I. 'Don't you see I have the asthma?'"—New York Evening Sun.

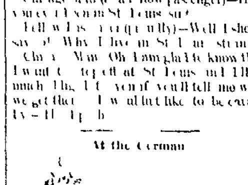
For St. Louis

Chicago Man (to a fellow passenger)—Have you ever been in St. Louis, sir?

Fellow Passenger (proudly)—Well, I should say so! Why, I live in St. Louis, sir.

Chicago Man—Oh, I am glad to know that. I want to stop off at St. Louis and I'll be much obliged to you if you'll tell me when we get there. I wouldn't like to be carried by.—Epoch.

At the German



Guest (at the German—in which the leader claps his hands and each man takes a girl, one man being left out)—Mr. D[illegible], Mr. C[illegible] this is quite an unexpected pleasure.

Mr. C[illegible]—Ah, yes. Well, you see, the leader told me to take what I could get.—Life.

STRAY JOKES

The latest things in stockings—feet.—Epoch.

"Look long, step my child," said Solomon Isaacs. "You won't wear out your shoes nearly so quick."—Detroit Free Press.

She Had Him.—This is a new shade, isn't it? "Yes, madam; it has just come in." What is it called? "The manufacturer wanted to pay us a delicate compliment, so he named it 'The Clerk's Favorite.'" "Give me five yards of your plainest black."—Tid Bits.

A lady in Dalton, Ga., is the possessor of a breastpin containing a lock of hair which grew on Washington's head. There are so many locks of Washington's hair still in existence that it is not surprising that nearly all his portraits show him wearing a powdered wig.—Norristown Herald.

Chicago Husband—Well, my dear, was our Baconian class a success this afternoon?

Wife—Yes, but I was very nervous for a while.

Husband—What was the trouble?

Wife—Why, it was nearly 4 o'clock before the pie came from the baker's.—Epoch.

"Two thousand dollars just for a pitcher!" repeated old Mrs. Bently, in amazement. "I wonder what them Chicago folks kin be thinkin of! This craze for decorated chiny is gittin' to be wicked."—Epoch.

A Michigan town boasts a girl six feet nine inches tall. When a fellow gets a kiss from her he has to say please and don't you forget it.—Burlington Free Press.

Playwriter—I will now read you my play.

Friend—But why have you given me this package?

That package contains half a dozen handkerchiefs. My play is a tragedy, and I don't want you to be unprepared.—From the German.

The authorship of Shakespeare's plays was settled by Gay in his "Beggar's Opera." "I say, Molly, who wrote Shakspeare?" asks one of the characters. "Mr. Preface," replies the maiden fair.—New York Morning Journal.

A woman who married a one legged man says it doesn't take much to make her husband "hopping mad."—Norristown Herald.

"May I help you to some more of the soup, Mr. Shears?" inquired his hostess. Mr. Shears is a country editor. "No, madam," he replied, politely, "you may consider a second plate of soup crowded out to make room for more important matter."—Epoch.

End of a Boom

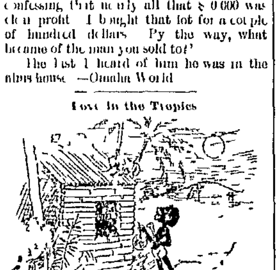
First Easterner—I guess you remember me. We met in Los Angeles.

Second Easterner—I remember you perfectly. You are the good angel who sold me a corner lot on which I made a small fortune. I sold that lot for $60,000. You know I only paid you $5,000 for it.

"Yes, and as you did so well I don't mind confessing that nearly all that $5,000 was clear profit. I bought that lot for a couple of hundred dollars. By the way, what became of the man you sold to?"

"The last I heard of him he was in the almshouse."—Omaha World.

Love in the Tropics



Zulu (singing)—Oh, Rumcefum, sweet Rumcefum thy ruby lips I——

Unexpected Occupant—Say, young man, I wouldn't wait for Rumcefum if I were you, I am afraid she won't be here to night.—Life.

Sent His Girl the Wrong Postal Card

A Millerstown young man not long since wrote two postal cards on entirely different subjects. He then turned them over and addressed them, but by mistake placed the addresses on the wrong cards. The result was that the shirt maker in Harrisburg got a polite invitation to take a carriage ride in Huff Warder's barouche, while the young man's girl was made frantic by receiving the following: "Please send me a sample of the stuff your shirts are made of."—Newport Ledger.

A Long Felt Want

American (in Europe)—I understand you are willing to sell your Wild West show.

Buffalo Bill—I am willing enough, but the Indians object.

"Why so?"

"I don't know; superstition, I suppose. They say they will never be bought."

"Say, I'll take those Indians back to New York and we'll elect them aldermen."—Omaha World.

A St. Louis Improvement

In some St. Louis restaurants the waiters no longer bawl the orders down to the kitchen; they touch certain electric bells instead. When a St. Louis man orders a lunch of coffee and ham and eggs, the eggs cooked on both sides, he will no longer be obliged to listen to this mysterious speech: "One in the dark, white wings, hog to come along. Shipwreck them white wings."—New York Tribune.

Perfectly Safe

"Here's a box addressed to you," said the wife of a prominent man. "I don't think you'd better open it, though."

"What shall we do with it?"

"I'll tell you; we'll take it out and get the hired girl to open it. She has lit the fire with kerosene three times this week, and I don't think that dynamite will hurt her."—Washington Critic.

The Opportunity of a Lifetime

The following telegram was sent home by a member of the Yale baseball nine:

"Need ten—which do you prefer, Greek or Roman? Telegraph answer before doctor sets it."—Life.

Knew His Business

Editor (eyeing applicant for journalistic honors)—You are something of a writer, I presume?

Young Man—Oh, yes, sir, I took second prize at school for penmanship.—Epoch.

Too True, Too True

A musical critic says that a violin has not improved in a hundred years. The same may be said of the violin player who lives next door.—Norristown Herald.

Development of the Trotter.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, like many other southern men, is an admirer and lover of fine horseflesh. He was going the other day to run over to the trotting races at Hartford when he said: "It must eventually come about that the trotting races will be popular because it is this gait that the horse combines utility with speedy action. It is as the roadster that the horse is most available for pleasure and practical service. In a recent article written by Judge Hughes, of Richmond, I saw a theory advanced in reference to the development in the trotting gait which I think I have not seen mentioned before. The thoroughbred animal is to be found on the great plains and level stretches of the country where his natural gait is running. The trotting gait, Judge Hughes thinks, comes to the animal as he is transferred to undulating countries where he is obliged to adapt his footing to rising and falling thoroughfares. That would be the natural development of the running thoroughbreds into the trotters. It is, of course, to the thoroughbreds that we must go for the best stock for the development of trotters as well as runners."—New York Tribune.

The Experience of Mrs. Peters

Mrs. Peters had ills,
Mrs. Peters had chills,
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
They dosed her with pills,
With powders and pills,
With remedies wet and with remedies dry.
Many medicines cured her,
But none of them cured her;
Their names and their number not only could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some Pellets were tried
That acted like magic and then she got well!

The magic Pellets were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters and now she wouldn't be without them.

Properly Rebuked

I was told the richest thing about a Minneapolis girl. A certain Swedish baron of fine family and education came to this country and—the old story—found himself obliged to obtain any situation to keep himself from absolute want. He entered the clothing store of M—— as clerk. Well, this young lady, hearing he was a noble, must have his autograph, so she came into the store one day and requested it in her album. It puzzled him greatly. Why should she want his autograph, a complete stranger? Suddenly the truth struck him, and he wrote his name, and beneath, "Clerk in M——'s store." "Oh," said he to me, "you should have seen her face when she read this." She said: 'I didn't want that. I wanted your name and your title.' 'There it is,' I answered, 'there's the name and clerk at M——'s is the only title I want in this country.'"—Pioneer Press.

The Pitcher's Sore Arm

In the more severe forms of the base ball pitcher's troubles of the arm "mild galvanism," making use of large flat electrodes, applied over the most sensitive points in front of and behind the affected joint, is recommended; the latter part of the day being the preferable time.—New York Star.

Don't trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you have a Cough or Cold, or the children are threatened with Croup or Whooping Cough, use Acker's English Remedy and prevent further trouble. It is a positive cure, and we guarantee it. Price 10 and 50c.

H. C. HOBERMAN & CO., Druggists.

"He's too cowardly to be dangerous, so let's drop him," remarks a New York exchange regarding Herr Most. This sounds easy enough, but it might make a great deal of difference to Herr Most and some other folks as to whether or not he is attached to a rope when he is dropped!

At Night always have Acker's Baby Soother at hand. It is the only safe medicine yet made that will remove all infantile disorders. It contains *no Opium or Morphine*, but gives the child *natural ease from pain*. Price 25 cents. Sold by

H. C. HOBERMAN & CO., Druggists.

A registered letter addressed to "the best lawyer" in Washington created a great flurry among the legal fraternity of that city. About every second lawyer thought the letter was meant for him. It proved to be from a man in Jefferson, Texas, who wanted to get an opinion on some original poems which he enclosed. The poet probably did not want to take the chances of submitting the product of his frenzied moments to any one nearer home.

When you want something to tend strictly to business and cure a cough or cold, get Dr. Fenner's Cough Honey.

A Prominent colored man of Fort Valley, Ga., boasts of the fact that when he was a boy he was severely whipped by Jeff Davis. Up north there are a great many men who boast of the fact that they at one time helped to thump Jeff Davis. Funny how pride affects different people.

Palmer's Skin Success soap and Ointment will cure any diseased Scalp or Skin. At druggists.

Gov. Waterman, of California, upon assuming his seat recently had all the money in the state treasury counted, insisting upon every seal of every [illegible] being broken. When he found that the money, $1,100,000, was all there, the governor gave an elaborate dinner to all who had a hand in the counting. The "gov" evidently knows a [illegible] of rare good luck when he sees it!

Absolutely all Skin diseases yield to Skin Success Soap and ointment. Clean and healing.

Anarchists to Organize.

CHICAGO, Nov. [illegible].—According to an interview with a prominent Anarchist published here yesterday, there is a movement afoot in two principal cities to reorganize the followers of Spies and Parsons.

The leading spirit is to be Louis Viereck, of Munich, who will be brought from Germany to America for the special purpose of assuming direction of the undertaking. It is hinted that when the project is matured dynamite throwing will be inaugurated on a gigantic scale.

Viereck was born about thirty three years ago at Berlin, and is the son of the celebrated German actress Viereck of the Royal theater. Viereck has long been prominent as a Socialist leader and as a lawyer, journalist and member of the reichstag. His wife is an American.

The Latest from Headquarters

Kissing is out of fashion.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BEYOND

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country the Beyond,
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond,
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand,
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think but for our veiled eyes
We should find heaven right round us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing, with a bated breath
And white set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Ella Wheeler.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor, and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering and your friends of the disgusting and needless inflictions of your loathsome disease?

Simply Horrid eczema eruptions and all sorts of skin diseases. Banish them with Skin Success. Use the S. S. Soap first to cleanse and the S. S. Ointment to heal.

Two Children Burned to Death.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 25.—The house of Sam [illegible], colored, of Chesterfield, was burned Wednesday and two small children who were locked inside, one his own and the other his wife's sister's, perished in the flames. Both mothers, who were working in a field, heard the children's cries but paid no attention to them until they saw their houses in flames when it was too late.

Eugene Carter won first prize at the Chicago billiard tournament.

Druggists report good sales and wonderful results from Skin Success Soap and Ointment.

Female Sawdust Swindler

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Mrs. Ella Ferris, of 231 East [illegible] street, has been arrested on a charge of swindling by means of the "sawdust game." A large number of letters from people throughout the country, ordering counterfeit money, were found in her possession. She operated under the name of W. J. Jones. Her real name is unknown. She is the first woman "sawdust swindler" ever known to the police in this city.

Mayor and Councilmen Fined $5,000

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. [illegible].—The mayor and councilmen have been fined $5,000 by the United States court for contempt in disregarding an injunction by removing a police judge. The mayor and three of the councilmen were fined only $50 each, but the others will have to pay $500 each.

Torment banished. That itching and burning on any part of the body cured by Palmer's Skin Success, Soap and Ointment.

A Daring Bicycle

BOSTON, Nov. [illegible].—Alphonse King, who had declared his ability to cross the Charles river on a [illegible] performed the feat yesterday in the presence of 20,000 spectators. His time from the bridge to the East Boston side was just nineteen minutes, distance one and a half miles. The water and wind were unfavorable.

Forest Fires Being Quenched

[illegible], Nov. 25.—Reports from the surrounding country indicate general heavy rain falls and quenching of forest fires which for the past week have been so destructive. It is safe to say that the rain has been sufficient to accomplish the object in view.

Simply purifying and cleansing the blood is not sufficient. It needs enriching; also the nervous system needs toning, all of which is accomplished by Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic. Use his Cough Honey in all coughs, his golden Relief in all pains and stomach and bowel disorders, his Kidney and Backache Cure in lame back, dropsy and all kidney disorders, his German Eye Salve in sore eyes, cracked skin and piles, his Capitol Bitters for appetite and strength.

If you would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents.

H. C. HOFFMAN & CO., Druggists.

Result of a Meeting of Bishops

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 25.—The meeting of the bishops of the province of New Orleans, with a view to the selection of a successor to the late archbishop, resulted as follows: Bishop Durier, worthy; Bishop Janssen, more worthy; Bishop Fitzgerald, most worthy. It is thought that the pope will most likely select Bishop Janssen, he being the youngest man. Much trouble has heretofore been experienced in the church of New Orleans, on account of bishops being physically unable to perform the many arduous duties of the office.

[illegible] H. Manson, Hoboken, N. J., says of Palmer's Skin Success: "It was a God-send to me."

Old and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism has no equal.

H. C. HOFFMAN & CO., Druggists.

An [illegible] Hunter Loses an Eye

M[illegible], Nov. [illegible].—J. [illegible] Sharp, [illegible] Sharp, while hunting was [illegible] in the eye with a stray shot from the gun in the hands of his companion. He will lose the eye.

Dangerous Baggage Landed

NEW YORK, Nov. [illegible].—The baggage of [illegible] Italian passengers on the cholera stricken [illegible] Vessia, which were released from quarantine recently, was landed at Castle Garden yesterday.

[illegible] W. Dolly, [illegible], Farmington, N. H., says nothing helped his face but Palmer's Skin Success.

KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN

JAS S KIRK & CO'S WHITE RUSSIAN

The only brand of Laundry Soap which took a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very best

SOAP.

Unequaled.

For the relief and cure of all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels, the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills cannot be overestimated. This remedy is also unrivaled in curing Rheumatic and Neuralgic affections.

For keeping the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver in good working order, I have never found any medicine equal to Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always use this remedy when occasion requires.—Randolph Morse, Lynchburg, Va.

About five years since my son became a cripple from Rheumatism. His joints and limbs were drawn out of shape by the excruciating pain, and his general health was very much impaired. Medicines did not reach his case until he commenced taking Ayer's Pills, three boxes of which cured him. He is now as free from the complaint as if he had never had it, and his distorted limbs have recovered their shape and pliancy.—William White, Lebanon, Pa.

After suffering, for months, from disorders of the Stomach and Liver, I took Ayer's Pills. Three boxes cured me.—A. J. Pickthall, Machias, Me.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

1,200,000 LADIES NOW WEAR THE Duplex! CORSET.

Comfortable, Elegant, Perfectly Healthful, and the Most Durable known to the trade.

Double Bone! Double Seam! Double Steel!

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The Aim is Lofty but the Foundation is Sure--No Letting Down

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Bed Rock

This is the LADDER on which

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—THE POPULAR—

BOOT AND SHOE MAN

Is surmounting to the Pinnacle of Commercial Success.

It stands on Bed Rock, it rests on Public Opinion. You can see it in use at

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Incomparably the Best.

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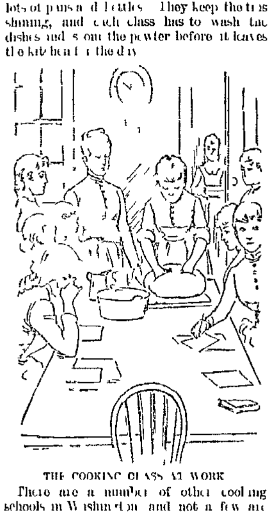
WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

THE PRETTY GIRLS OF THE CAPITAL LEARNING COOKING

The Return of the Office Seeker—Higgins in His Den—A Look at Rosecrans Joe Johnston and Poker Bob Schenck Horseback Riding.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov 11.—Washington city is now teaching cooking in her public schools, and the girls who graduate from them will be well fitted for housewives. Each girl in the high school, gets at least one cooking lesson a week and the cooking teachers are specialists. They give at each lesson a talk on cooking and illustrate this by showing the pupils how the ingredients are to be mixed and how the cooking is to be done. Each cooking class consists of fifteen scholars. They have aprons and dresses for the occasion and they are not only taught how to cook but have to do it, their knowledge of cooking themselves. The first lesson given [illegible] and [illegible] of the stove and after this they practice on dough making, cookies, biscuit and bread. I dropped in on the cooking class the other day and found fifteen pretty girls in long aprons seated around a table. A teacher stood at the head and beside her stood one of the prettiest of the fifteen pupils. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow and her plump round arms showed out beautifully as she manipulated a lump of dough and as [illegible] From time to time the teacher pointed out the scientific twist of the wrist which she must turn in kneading, and after this the baking process was fully explained. The bread was put in the oven, and the Washington high school has a kitchen big enough for a hotel, with range, hot and cold water and lots of pans and kettles. They keep the tins shining, and each class has to wash the dishes and scour the pewter before it leaves the kitchen for the day.



THE COOKING CLASS AT WORK

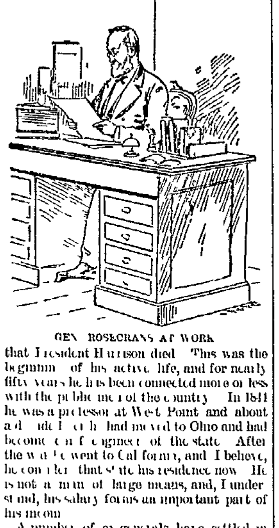
There are a number of other cooking schools in Washington and not a few are connected more or less indirectly with other schools here. The schools also have manual training departments connected with them and the public school boy of Washington has a chance to learn how to use carpenters' tools, how to work in metals and how to mold and cast metal. In these respects the Washington high school is probably in advance of any other school in the country, and the education given here is more practical in its workings than that of most colleges.

Washington has been comparatively free from office seekers during the summer, but since the president's return from the west the boarding houses have begun to fill, and Higgins the appointment clerk of the treasury is overrun with visitors. Higgins has a score of men working for him and it keeps them all busy to take care of the crowd. He is an energetic fellow, short, thin, wrinkled and wan, but there is life in every motion of his dried up frame and his blue eyes sparkle as he disposes of this and that office seeker. It is one of the most difficult of all places to manage, and the characters who come before him are of all classes and conditions. I was there one day talking to a richly dressed woman who as far as appearance went might have been the wife of a duke. Her face shone with good living and her clothes were as well cut as if made by Worth. She had diamonds in her ears and on her fingers and three of the five fingers of each hand were filled with rings from the base of the finger to the joint above it. She wore a sealskin cloak and a $30 bonnet covered her thick silvery white hair. She was evidently in the most comfortable of circumstances and I was surprised after she left, to hear Mr Higgins say that she wanted an office. Upon my asking 'what office' he answered:

"That of the chief charwoman of the treasury. She wants to superintend the scrubbing and cleaning of the department, and she looks as though she would be more fitted to preside over the establishment of the richest senator. Dressed as she is she would be eminently out of place as a treasury scrubber and I am surprised that she does not apply for a higher office. She is a woman who has had considerable influence in times past. She is the daughter of a general once noted but dead now and her whole life has been one of luxury. Good dress and good living have become a necessity to her and it must be a humiliation for her to ask for such a position. Women are the most persistent of our office seekers and it is very hard to get rid of them."

HIGGINS AND THE OFFICE SEEKER.

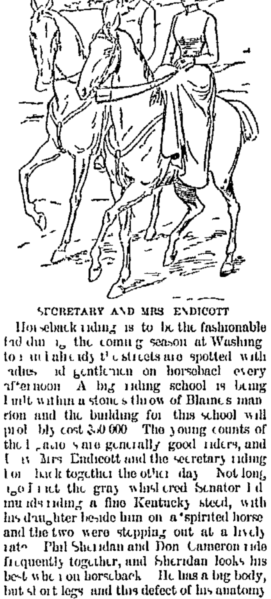
I dropped in on Gen Rosecrans in his office in the basement of the treasury. He is the registrar of the treasury and he signs all the national bank notes or at least his signature is attached to them. He is one of the most companionable of men and is one of the hard workers of the treasury department. He can tell a good story and has nothing of the snob about him. There is no red tape used in his office and he is as simple minded and as human now as he was when he acted as a general in the United States army. He is not however, the same man he was thirty years ago. His hair has grown gray, and his full short beard is white though his face is rosy and his eyes laugh. He dresses plainly, and is generally seen with a cigar in his mouth. He likes Virginia stogies and smokes them. He has a great deal of vitality for his age. He must be 65 and he was graduated from West Point during the year that President Harrison died. This was the beginning of his active life, and for nearly fifty years he has been connected more or less with the public men of the country. In 1841 he was a professor at West Point and about a decade later he had moved to Ohio and had become chief engineer of the state. After the war he went to California, and, I believe, he considers that state his residence now. He is not a man of large means, and, I understand, his salary forms an important part of his income.



GEN. ROSECRANS AT WORK

A number of ex-generals have settled in Washington for the remainder of their days. I see Gen Joe Johnston frequently. He is one of the oldest young men in public life. He is as straight as an Indian, as active as a deer, and his only sign of age is in the snow whiteness of his hair and in the crow's feet which have gathered at the corners of his eyes. He lives on Connecticut avenue which is one of the most fashionable streets of the capital and rides to and from his office in a street car. He is dignified in his bearing, but he has as kind a heart as ever animated a human frame.

Gen Bob Schenck is also a resident of Washington. His health is not the best and his years begin to tell upon him. He is now 76 years old, and he was a member of the Ohio legislature when Gen Rosecrans graduated from West Point. He was minister to Brazil in 1851 and a member of congress during the war. In 1861 he served as a brigadier and major general in the United States army, and he is afflicted still with the wound which he received in battle. While he was minister to England the publication of his book on poker was announced in this country, and from it he got the title of 'Poker Bob.' The truth of the matter was that one of the titled ladies of England, upon being told of the pleasures of poker, asked Minister Schenck to write out a few rules of the game for her. He did so and she had them printed for private circulation among her friends. One of the London correspondents of an American newspaper which was at enmity with Schenck, hearing this telegraphed his newspaper a sensational dispatch stating that the American minister had published a book on poker playing. This dispatch went the rounds of the press. The editors straightway dubbed Schenck 'Poker Bob,' and the name will probably stick to him in history. Gen Schenck is still fond of poker, and he is a good player. Phil Sheridan and himself, together with one or two others, take a quiet game occasionally but the stakes played for are always small and the usual ante is five cents.



SECRETARY AND MRS ENDICOTT

Horseback riding is to be the fashionable fad during the coming season at Washington and already the streets are spotted with ladies and gentlemen on horseback every afternoon. A big riding school is being built within a stone's throw of Blaine's mansion and the building for this school will probably cost $30,000. The young counts of the legations are generally good riders, and I saw Mrs Endicott and the secretary riding horseback together the other day. Not long ago I met the gray whiskered Senator Edmunds riding a fine Kentucky steed, with his daughter beside him on a spirited horse and the two were stepping out at a lively rate. Phil Sheridan and Don Cameron ride frequently together, and Sheridan looks his best when on horseback. He has a big body, but short legs and this defect of his anatomy does not show when he is upon a horse. He likes to ride fast, and I doubt not that he enjoyed his ride to Winchester. Lamar is a good rider and he raises his own horses. Vilas likes a fast horse and he usually rides a good one. I have never seen John Sherman on horseback, but Secretary Fairchild rides occasionally, and Secretary Whitney takes daily horseback rides while he is in the city.

The taste for out of door sports is rapidly growing among the fashionable people of America, and polo, lawn tennis, paper chases, tally-ho coaches and horseback riding cannot fail to add to the muscles of the belle and beau of the future.

THOMAS J TODD

Unmarried Heirs to Thrones

A Berlin newspaper announced that there are now eight bachelor heirs to the thrones in the German empire and eight spinster princesses of 15 and upward. The first list includes Prince William of Nassau, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Prince Frederick of Anhalt-Dessau, Prince Ernest of Hesse Darmstadt, Prince Frederick of Saxony and Prince Frederick of Waldeck Pyrmont. The second list is headed by the three younger daughters of the German crown prince, next to whom come five princesses of the royal family of Bavaria.—Public Opinion.

A FAMOUS PREACHER.

SPURGEON, THE REAL BEECHER OF ENGLAND

Remarkable Career of the Great Calvinist—His Personal Characteristics—The Charm of His Voice and His Practical Philanthropy

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Oct 31.—Spurgeon leave the Baptist church! If Wesley had renounced Methodism or Brigham Young discarded Mormonism the surprise and the consequences could not have been greater. To most Americans Spurgeon has these twenty years been more than a mere name. What Beecher has been to America Spurgeon has been to England, with these notable differences. Beecher broadened his theology, Spurgeon narrowed his; Beecher cultivated oratory as a fine art, Spurgeon abhors art and is eloquent in spite of himself. Beecher preached to congregations of 2,500, Spurgeon to never fewer than 6,000, twice each Sunday.

We are not now concerned with the theologian beyond noting the extraordinary fact that the most famous living Baptist preacher gives up his Baptist creed and practice for that of the Presbyterians, solely because the latter hold the rigid tenets of Calvinism which the Baptists are giving up. We propose to portray Spurgeon the plain man (he never would use the term "Rev."), as striking a specimen of the true John Bull as can be found in "the tight little island" to day. Spurgeon is probably the most truly modest public man in England. He sticks to his work, avoids self advertisement, abhors fuss and adulation, yet he is by universal consent of all sectarians and politicians one of the most potent social forces in the land.

Let us glance first at his clerical rise and progress. He was born in 1834, got the ordinary schooling and no more, became "converted" at 15, was a village preacher at 16, was the most sensational and hotly discussed pulpiteer in England when he was 20; at 24 his followers laid the foundation stone of the Metropolitan tabernacle, which cost $160,000, and from the opening service in 1861 (at which I was present) down to today, Spurgeon has never preached to fewer than 6,000, and his average congregation is over 7,000. He gained notoriety at first by lurid and extravagant word pictures, but he grew into a mellower and more rational style. He soon won public esteem, not because of but in spite of the straitness of his creed. The public take their man by weight in the long run and it was Spurgeon's devotion to practical, good work and his common sense philanthropy that won him the admiration of the public at large.

His physique is not that of the ideal man of brain and immense energy, for Spurgeon possesses the latter in a marvelous degree. He is short, about five feet six, fat and puffy, his cheeks "hang down with fatness," his teeth project enough to prevent his closing his lips in pronouncing the letter M, which with him sounds like V. His forehead looks lower and narrower than it really is because his straight black hair grows low upon it. He has no visible neck. He dresses, as did Beecher, in plain, unclerical garb. Altogether, see him on a platform among other parsons you would very excusably mistake Spurgeon for a decent little well to do grocer or dry goods dealer, with a turn for acting deacon. But the moment he opens his mouth—or, rather, the moment he uses his voice, for his mouth is always open—you feel the strange charm of its clear, mellow, bell like tone, so musical and so distinct is every syllable. I have heard most of the great orators of the old world and the new, but none have the voice of Spurgeon. His huge tabernacle, solemn sounding as its name may be, is quite a gay and festive music hall within. It is oval, has three galleries running right round the building made of light, open iron work painted white. No pulpit, no organ. An organ would be lost in the mighty sound of that congregation, every individual of which seems to think that the glory of the service depends upon his own lung power. As an experiment I have climbed up to the little chambers dug out of the very roof above the top gallery and at the farthest distance possible from the preacher. His platform is simply a part of the first gallery projected slightly forward. We can scarcely distinguish the preacher among the crowd of deacons and distinguished strangers who sit beside him, and even when he steps forward to the railing (for he has not even a reading desk like that of Beecher's) we cannot properly see the play of his face. But that melodious voice sails right up to our ears so clearly and beautifully that without any straining we hear every syllable. He speaks without the least effort, and rarely shouts.

His sermon is only one part of his work. It is questionable whether a reader of Scripture lessons should water them down by his own interpolated comments. Few can do it without pointing the contrast between the sublime and the ridiculous. Yet Spurgeon always does this, and it is fair to say that the quaintness of his comments, their aptness and felicity of phrasing really edify, and sometimes their wit amuses without shocking the proprieties. But this is only another way of saying that Spurgeon is a splendid master of racy Anglo-Saxon. John Bright and Spurgeon may be classed equal as speakers of strong mother English pure and undefiled. Gladstone is a strong orator, but he, being first and foremost a severely classical scholar (which the other two are not), crams his speeches with ponderous Latinity, and is thus less en rapport with the uncultured people than are these who talk to them in their own native tongue.

Intellectually, Spurgeon does not rank with either Wesley, Chalmers, Channing, Theodore Parker, Beecher, or the famous divines of the English church. By temperament and training he takes limited views of momentous issues but his abounding bonhomie, his irrepressible geniality, counterbalances the defects of his mental qualities. In preaching this bubbles up through even the most dismal dogmatising about beliefs, and in this inspiring quality lies the secret of his success and power. Some one has applied the flattering phrase, 'the Beecher of England,' to Dr Parker. The term is wholly out of place applied to one who is, before all else, an artificial orator, and whose name is not identified with pastoral work proper. Spurgeon, however, is more truly 'the Beecher of England,' because he has all Beecher's rich fund of human nature, enthusiasm for the people and personal devotion to the welfare of the poor.

What has Spurgeon done with his opportunities?

He inspired his people to build a noble set of orphanages—one for girls and the other for boys—long rows of charming cottages, inclosed in spacious grounds, so that the children can be divided into families of ten and live home lives under the motherly care of a matron in each cottage, these mothers being widows or others of high character, known to Mr Spurgeon's friends and who have suffered adversity. There are some 400 of these children taken from any age and trained for some work until they are 15, when they are placed out and welcomed once a year to share the happy reunion.

These, you will say, are, of course, all Baptist children? Here is where the narrowness of his creed is contradicted by the breadth of his sympathies, for Spurgeon made it the first clause of the trust deed that the children are to be admitted simply and solely according to the greatest needs of the case. Creed has nothing to do with admission, and so it happens that the very best and least sectarian orphanage in London is that of Spurgeon, the Calvinist.

Then he built his Pastor's college, which receives young men, generally poorly educated, but they must show quality to suit Spurgeon. These are thoroughly trained to the ministry, and about ten of the largest and most active Baptist churches in London were built by "Spurgeon students," who are among the most popular and active preachers there. The provinces and the foreign mission field can show a few hundred more. Spurgeon has had immense benefactions from many admirers, but he has never kept a cent for himself, and he has always given a large share of his income to each of his hobbies, of which only two are here named. The social and moral work of his congregation is immense in their densely populated quarter.

Many would suppose Spurgeon to be a bon vivant to look at him. As a fact, he is rarely free from the tortures of hereditary gout. These twenty years he has suffered martyrdom from neuralgic and sciatic pains, and has to pass part of each winter in the south of France. He used to drive up to his tabernacle on a Sunday morning with a nice cigar in his lips, and another on leaving, but that was medicinal rather than as a luxury. For a good many years he has reduced his diet until he is almost a vegetarian and quite a teetotaler. Despite his hard work he remains flabby fat. His 'Treasury of David' (a commentary on the Psalms), his "John Ploughman's Talk," and his sermons have an enormous sale. In fact, Spurgeon's productions and the incidentals have been the sole business of a large publishing house for many years. Mrs Spurgeon has been a confirmed invalid for twenty five years, dating from the birth of their second son. The two early became preachers, one being settled in Australia, but neither of them has his father's geniality or genius. Spurgeon was one day remonstrated with on his luxurious habit of driving to church "on the Sabbath day." "Ah," said he, "you think I'm a Sabbath breaker, eh! Well, now, you see, I'd thought of that, so I engaged a Jew coachman. What's wrong now?"

"That may be all right as regards the man, but the poor horse should have its day of rest, shouldn't it?" "Oh, the mare's a Jewess, too. I always put her to grass on Saturdays!"

Politically Spurgeon has always been a Radical, and if he could have exchanged his preaching for political work he would long ago have been the foremost leader in England. Latterly he has disapproved of Gladstone's Irish policy. He has always been a stalwart advocate of the disestablishment movement, though he not long ago wrote this significant opinion: 'There is growing up in our dissenting churches an evil which I greatly deplore, a despising of the poor.' In his own work and sphere Spurgeon is a truly devoted helper of the poor in every substantial way, and, as before observed, it is not only what he does himself, but he has been and is the cause of similar enthusiasm in others—more so than can be said of any other living preacher or philanthropist in England.

A paragraph has been going round that Spurgeon refused the offer of $90,000 for 100 lectures in the states. Whether the figures are right or not I know not, but I do know that Spurgeon has a profound, almost an insane horror, of hiring himself out on show, and the preacher deserves profound respect who takes so high a view of his office. I have seen a letter of his in which he stated that a shipload of bullion would not tempt him to hire himself out as a lecturer. He can be heard preaching in railway sheds to workmen during dinner hour, but never has he pocketed a cent for preaching except his modest stipend, which, I believe, is $6,000 a year.

Spurgeon must not be spoken of as "a great preacher." He is that in one sense, though not in another, but above the cleric he stands a noble personality, a great influence, a good man, and a thorough John Bull.

OSCAR LYNN

MUSICIANS OF THE STREET.

The Picturesque Figures Who Make Melody on the Sidewalk

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov 14.—Street musicians in New York are not limited to the hand organ. Every portable instrument under the sun stops at times and tunes up under your windows. Yesterday two men, one with a bag pipe, the other with a pibroch, went through my street making music weird, wild and pathetically sweet. Here and there a nickel was thrown to them from the upper stories, and here and there fell a tear. The concert was musical. They had not the hackneyed manners of hardened street musicians. Solicitation was new to them. But they woke the echoes with old Scottish airs that moved hearts and moistened eyes.

If one might judge of them and their history, one might say that they were Scotchmen, stranded in New York without money, and took this simple plan of earning a little.

Sometimes a man stops on a corner after nightfall and sings a song, not in the cracked and dreadful voice of the blind professional street singer, but in sweet and melodious notes. One by one the passing people halt to hear him, and a few remember to pay for the pleasure he has given. He is perhaps of higher station and temporarily in distress. Possibly he does it for a lark, for the pleasure of giving pleasure to those whose pleasures are few.

Sometimes a very old man, dignified and patriarchal, plays upon a large clarionet, making such music as the souls of musicians love. It is evident that in this humble guise a master breathes upon the instrument. That he has descended from some height of talent, and perhaps fame, is evident. His garments, too, have come down. When he trembles during the pauses in his music his hearers feel their throats thicken and somehow their hands find their way to their pockets. The throng about him increases all the time. His selections are not the much harped upon airs from the popular operas, they are the classic airs of the past. And when he was applauded the pale, old face flushed up with pleasure, and he acknowledged the compliment with the grace of an artist.

Histories, forsooth, have the street musicians. They have lived romances and supped on tragedies. Poverty walks on one side of them and art on the other. The way has been long and up hill all the way, with here and there a light, a halt and a bit of joy. They suggest blind Homer. They do more. They keep our hearts tender.

G O

Target Practice at Night

Recognizing the necessity of carrying out target practice at night, the admiralty have directed that once in each year, wherever practicable, seamen are to be drilled after dark with quick firing and machine guns. During the practice the ships are to be under steam at not less than from six to eight knots an hour, and special targets are to be used and anchored, if possible, precautions being taken to prevent accidents to boats and shipping.—Public Opinion.

THREE WESTERN MEN.

GOVERNOR OGLESBY, JULIUS S GRINNELL AND NATHANIEL S JONES

The Last Two Have Lately Been Especially Prominent Because of the Anarchist Case—The Last Named Has Become a Rich Man

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Nov 15.—There are some men in the west I want to tell you about. One of them is a person very well known in Illinois where the familiar patronymic of 'uncle' is quite universally applied to him and whose fame has in one sure spread throughout the country—Governor Oglesby. On him as court of last resort for the anarchists the eyes of the world were for some days turned to see what the sole arbiter of seven lives would do in one of the most perplexing cases ever known in this country. Governor Oglesby—'Uncle Dick' everybody calls him out this way—has a kindly face, an eye which twinkles with good humor, a tongue which delights to say pleasant and knows how to utter felicitous things. One's first impression of the governor is that he could not say a harsh or cruel thing, even to his enemy, to save his own neck, yet those who know him better know that on occasion he can be as stern and unbending as he pleases, with all due grace and naturalness. He likes to tell stories and nothing pleases him better than to sit up till midnight in the office of the Republican headquarters in Chicago—the Grand Pacific hotel—exchanging views and swapping yarns with a number of his friends. He can play the violin too, with a good deal of dash and spirit, and it was in this hotel some years ago that I saw Uncle Dick one evening take from the hands of a colored musician a black violin and upon it play to the liveliest possible time an old country 'break down' tune. The politicians and traveling men who were present formed impromptu cotillons, and there was plenty of fun.

It was in Kentucky that Oglesby learned to play 'the fiddle,' as he has always called it and as he calls it to this day. He there learned several other things some of them of a great deal more importance. Among them was to hate slavery. He was a slave himself—to poverty and toil. To say that the parents of a great American were poor and honest is to tell a fact that was easily guessed, but Oglesby's parents were very, very poor, and moreover, when the cholera swept through the Ohio valley in 18[illegible], peculiarly fatal throughout that whole region, the father and mother died within three days, leaving half a dozen orphans without much in the way of property to start them off in life. Richard was 8 years old then and when the executor auctioned off the estate of his father, consisting principally of an old colored man called 'Uncle Tim,' who had been kept more as a member of the family than as a slave, the boy shed many and hot tears, and in his brave juvenile way declared that "Uncle Tim" should one day have his freedom. He kept his promise too, some dozen years later, and the old negro died free. An uncle took the boy Richard and did the best he could by him, but that was not much, and young Oglesby received but a scant common school education.

Oglesby springs from that stock which gave so much good blood to several of the western states particularly to southern Illinois. There were then in Kentucky two classes—the rich planters and the poor whites—and wide was the gulf between them. The poor men continued for a while the unequal struggle against wealth backed up with slavery, and then looked about them for a new field. Illinois presented many allurements, and hither great numbers came. Thus Kentucky gave to Illinois some of her best blood and most illustrious names. Thus came Lincoln, Yates and Oglesby. In 1836 young Richard's uncle settled at Decatur, and the boy was sent to learn the carpenter's trade. At 20 he began the study of law. When the Mexican war broke out he went to the front in the regiment commanded by Col Baker, who was afterward killed at Ball's Bluff. The gold fever of '49 sent him to the valley of the Sacramento, where he toiled for two years in search of riches which came not. Returning to Illinois he began the practice of law and entered politics. The very beginning of the rebellion found him in the saddle as a colonel, and before receiving a grievous wound at Corinth, at the time thought to be mortal, he had enjoyed the pleasure of riding into Fort Donelson at the head of the brigade which had borne the honorable brunt of the battle. Before resigning from the army he was made a major general.

Elected governor in 1864, he has since been United States senator, and has three times been re-elected to the place he now occupies and upon which the fates this year threw so great and peculiar a responsibility. Governor Oglesby is a conscientious man, and yet one who strives to be with the majority. His disposition is a composite of softness and asperity, pliability and stubbornness. He is a keen lawyer, a wit, an orator in a blunt and effective fashion, and as great a lover of good cigars as ever Gen Grant was.

Another man to whom the anarchist case brought a good deal of reputation is now about to ascend the bench in this city. Judge Julius S Grinnell, as state's attorney in Chicago during the last three years, has had the luck of unexampled opportunities and the genius to improve every one of them. Like fully one-half of the successful men of Chicago, he is from New England stock, tracing his lineage, however, to French and Welsh sources, his remote ancestors living at Grinnelle, a village near Paris. But in physique, mental composition, character and traditions he is a typical New Englander—a Vermonter—though himself born in New York state. That was forty five years ago. He studied law with Hon William C Brown, of Ogdensburg, taught school in Ogdensburg academy, came out to Chicago and began the practice of law in 1870, was elected city attorney as a Democrat, twice re-elected, and in 1884 was elected state's attorney to succeed Charley Reed, who defended Guiteau. The last three years have been busy ones for him. He sent to the penitentiary "Dutchy" O'Keefe, a notorious local ballot box stuffer. Then came the Joe Mackin case, quickly followed by three Italian murderers whose fate was death. These were no sooner dispatched than the bomb exploded in Haymarket, and Grinnell found himself the center of the anarchist prosecution. How he performed that difficult task is well known. Surely these four cases of surpassing public interest were enough fuel for one term as public prosecutor, but still another great opportunity came Grinnell's way. The county thieves—the "boodlers"—were to be made to feel the halter of the law, and Grinnell was the man to do it. In this same Cook county jail, on which the gaze of civilization has so recently been turned, are confined a half dozen former county commissioners and other public officials, convicted of conspiracy to rob the people. Another is in Joliet prison, and still another an exile in Canada. No wonder there was great curiosity in the supreme court room at Washington some weeks ago to see and get to know Julius S. Grinnell, of Chicago.

Another Chicago man has come to the front. [illegible] gets its [illegible] fourth place in the [illegible] world now belongs to a western [illegible] order of power as given by [illegible], Jones. [illegible] his [illegible] is usually called [illegible] on the letterheads of [illegible] & McCormick in Chicago [illegible] to him, is Nathaniel S. The career of Jones is another illustration of what a little luck combined with a little shrewdness and a good deal of nerve will do for a man. Only five years ago this new Wall street magnate was working on a salary for the grain firm of William Young & Co Chicago. He had however, the privilege of doing a little trading for himself through the house. This privilege he availed himself of so often and with so much shrewdness that when he left the employ of the Youngs in 1881 he had $100,000 in clear cash all made in scalping operations. This pretty stake he had made by cautious, steady work, jumping in and out of the market, ever satisfied with a small profit, just so it were a profit.

But now his methods changed. Feeling unlimited confidence in himself, and perhaps overestimating the relative power of his list, he at once began speculating on such a huge scale that his friends predicted his downfall and endeavored to 'pull him up' while he still had a thousand or two left. But he would not be 'pulled up.' He 'filled' after the great pork deal of 1883 with such plunges that a great many traders thought Jones the real leader of the corner, when he was only trying to make an honest dollar by imitating the tactics of the real manipulator. Anyhow pork went up from $8 to $21 and Jones made a fortune. He anticipated the collapse of the McGeoch lard corner and made a pot of money out of it.

On the shore of Lake Michigan, north of town, is a row of splendid houses. Potter Palmer's castle is one of them, Robert Lincoln's mansion another, Nat Jones's a third. Jones made that house out of one deal in Pullman stock. He and Pullman bought together on joint account when the stock was under par and held on until they realized 140. The profits of the venture were $250,000, and with his share of the pool Jones paid for his new house.

Nat Jones is still a young man and a popular one. He is nervous, active, restless and never but once so his friends say went into a deal requiring patience, and that was in the Pullman venture just mentioned. He wants quick results, moves on his impressions rather than his logic and has long been the leader of a clique of operators in Chicago.

He is not so very rich, perhaps $1,000,000 or $1,500,000 is his cutting but he is a speculative power far beyond the force of his money. A keen speculator himself and willing to plunge large sums he is at the same time a leader of men who at the word are able to exert a tremendous influence upon the market. Just now Jones is a bear.

Notwithstanding his great and rapid success Mr Jones puts on no frills. He is essentially a modest man. Not above taking a stock hint or opinion from a clerk, he was never known to be vain of his success nor of personal appearance. "I have never had a photograph taken," he says, "because I have such an ugly phiz. I wear a veil in the day time."

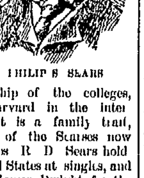
WALTER WELLMAN

SOME LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS

Philip S Sears, the College Champion Cummins and McClellan

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov 11.—"The noblest of outdoor sports" is what its patrons call lawn tennis. No game is now so popular. They claim that it is a lady's and gentleman's game that it has not been, as they say, degraded from the rank of a noble pastime by being handed over to professionals, and that excess aside, it is extremely healthful. But though not given up to "professionals," lawn tennis has already gone far enough in America to produce several champions among whom are some ladies of wit and beauty. Mr Philip S Sears of Boston, lately won the championship of the colleges, he playing for Harvard in the intercollegiate games. It is a family trait, as there are five of the Searses now holding championships. R D Sears holding that for the United States at singles, and being partner with James Dwight for the national championship at doubles. Philip, who now holds the intercollegiate championship for the United States, is 20 years old, 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 145 pounds. In his attempt for the national championship at Newport, he was defeated by W K Slocum, son of Gen Slocum, of the Army of the Potomac. Harvard has won three times in the singles against twice for Yale and once for Trinity, the Sears brothers scoring the victories, while in the intercollegiate contests of the year the Sears family was represented four times on the winning teams.

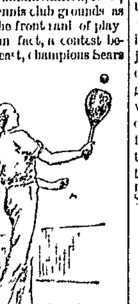


PHILIP S SEARS

M'CLELLAN

Henry W Slocum of Brooklyn, is noted for the very rapid improvement he has made this year. He is [illegible] years old, and secretary of the National Lawn Tennis association. His playing attracts much attention for grace and activity. He is extremely active, volleys hard and indulges in no fancy strokes or drives but even in his most intense action there is a pleasing show of youthful grace.

Most of the famous players are eastern people but two westerners, Cummins and McClellan made such a record for themselves at a match played at Mountain Station, N J, on the Orange Lawn Tennis club grounds as to place themselves in the front rank of players. The games were, in fact, a contest between the west and the east, champions Sears and Dwight for the latter and [illegible] Cummins and J W McClellan for the west. The western men started in well, but soon showed their lack of fine practice and after the first two sets the New Englanders had it all their own way. Staten Island ladies hold the championship of their sex, several enthusiastic players residing there. The game is peculiarly suited to ladies fond of outdoor sports, as it is absolutely safe, and unites science [illegible] and activity in almost equal proportion.



[illegible]

THE DRIVE WELL PATENT

The Obnoxious System of Extortion that the Supreme Court Decision Has Destroyed

There is rejoicing among the farmers of the land, at any rate rejoicing among that portion of the agricultural community which has been afflicted by the clamor of drive well fiends. The drive well is a contrivance and is, as the patent record says, "a new and useful improvement in the manner of sinking and constructing artesian or driven wells where no rock is to be penetrated and of raising water therefrom," and in his claims the alleged inventor Nelson W Green of Cortland N Y, gives the following explanation: "My invention consists of driving or forcing an iron or wooden rod with a steel or iron point down into the earth until it is projected to or into the water and then withdrawing said rod and inserting in its place a tube of metal or wood to the same depth, through which and from which the water may be drawn by any of the usual well known form of pumps."

Upon this alleged invention Green obtained a patent January 14, 1868, which was reissued May 9, 1871, upon an amended claim, in which Green says: "The instrument to be employed in producing such a well, which, to distinguish it from 'sunk' or 'bored' wells, may be termed a "driven" well may be any that is capable of sustaining the blows or pressure necessary to drive it into the earth but I prefer to employ a pointed rod, which, after being driven or forced down until it reaches the water, I withdraw and replace with a tube, made air tight throughout its length, except at or near its lowest end, where I make openings or perforations for the admission of water and through and from which the water may be drawn by any well known or suitable form of pump."

Green was not slow in utilizing his patent. He not only sold State, but county and township rights at enormous prices, which the purchasers of these patent rights could well afford to do, because the ruling price to be paid by a farmer for a well sunk by the simple contrivance was $10 for a well of a diameter of one and a quarter inches. There was a sliding, or rather rising scale governed by the diameter and depth of the well, the power with which it was to be operated and the yield of water per minute, until in some instances a price of $100 was reached. This price exceeded by far the price for an artesian well of the same capacity, and was ten fold that of the ordinary stone well.

The price of $10 for a small sized well, while not much in itself, was by far too much for the service rendered. No farmer would have paid it had he not been forced to by a combination of the patent right holders with the "drivers." The usual proceeding was that the drivers would put in a well for a moderate amount, and subsequently the owner of the right would come along and claim his royalty, which he was in every case able to collect, because he was backed up by numerous court decisions. All these decisions are now worthless since the Supreme court of the United States has declared the drive well patent invalid. This last decision was reached on the ground that the invention was used in public at Cortland by others than Green more than two years before the application for a patent was made—a fact which under the law is fatal to the patent's validity.

The patent has been the subject of extensive litigation. It was first held valid by Judge Benedict, in 1876, in the leading case of Andrews against Carman. This decision was followed by nine others, rendered by Judges Dillon, Nelson, Gresham, Blatchford, Naxon, Wheeler, McCreary and Shipman. In two of the recent cases—Andrews against Cone and Andrews against Hovey—the patent was for the first time held invalid by Judges Love, Shiras and Nelson, of the court below, on the same grounds given in the United States Supreme court decision of last Monday in the Hovey case. The latter decision, of course, overrides the one in the famous Eams Andrews case of the October term, 1880. In the Eams case no such testimony as in the Hovey and Cone cases was introduced. The fact that the invention had been in public use, with the knowledge and consent of Green, for more than two years prior to the filing of his application, rendered the patent invalid. Of course this decision non-suits all claims now pending in the courts all over the land against alleged infringers of the patent.

Nelson W Green was partly educated at West point. At the outbreak of the civil war he raised a regiment at Cortland, N Y, and on Dec 6 1861 while, as he claims, in the discharge of his military duty he felt compelled to shoot Capt McNeet of his regiment. The wound was not mortal, but a very serious injury. Intense public excitement prevailed because McNeet was a very popular man and it was claimed that Green's action was entirely unwarranted. Green was suspended and tried at Albany by a military court of inquiry. His regiment was subsequently removed to Washington, where Green was released and dismissed the service. There had been other charges of a military character against him. After Green's dismissal from the service he was arrested and indicted by the civil authorities for the shooting of McNeet. After repeated postponements of the trial, obtained by Green's counsel on account of the excited state of public opinion Green was finally tried in 1866. The jury disagreed, and the defendant was discharged. During the period, Green also got himself into church difficulties. He was expelled from his church, and subsequently compelled to appeal to the bishop for reinstatement. This resulted in litigation between Green and his pastor. Since that time the inventor is said to have had more law suits than any man in the United States.

The Hardest Fate.

The Nihilist doomed in Siberian waste
To live in his exile gloom
May possibly think he is fated to taste
The cup of bitterest doom!
The slave who works for another's gain,
The captive held by his foe,
The sufferer racked by his bed of pain,
And the beggar in want and woe
The grief of all these men combined
Can never amount to the sum
Of the awful grief, condensed, refined,
Of the man with a musical chum.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

MARION WEEKLY STAR.

PRICE, $1 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

STAR PUBLISHING CO PROPRIETORS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A part of the white pepper of commerce is bleached with chlorine, hence its inferior quality

A solution of thymol, used as a mouth wash after smoking, will remove the unpleasant odor of tobacco

A richly cut, solid glass bedstead has been recently made at a Birmingham, England, factory for a Calcutta millionaire The king of Burmah also has one

Both Sydenham and Boerhaave, great names in medicine, asserted that acute pneumonias were rarely cured without the abstraction of forty ounces of blood

M E Julien has been awarded the Cross of the Order of Leopold in recognition of his services in the application of electricity for traction purposes, as employed on the Brussels tramway lines

It has been proved by experiments made by Professor Leeds at Mount Holly that the addition of half a grain of alum to a gallon of impure water will not only clear it of the grit and coloring matter, but will almost entirely rid it of bacteria Filtering completes the process and leaves it as pure as would a prolonged boiling The alum is not perceptible to the taste

Some curious results produced by exploding marked blocks of gun cotton on flat plates of wrought iron have been described by Mr C E Monroe The gun cotton blocks were placed with the lettered side down and the letters stamped in relief appeared in relief upon the iron after explosion, while, on the other hand, the letters depressed in the gun cotton were also depressed on the iron plate

In addition to supplying crops with the necessary moisture rain has a distinct manurial value At Rothamsted, the well known farm of Sir John B Lawes, it has been shown that, with an annual rainfall of little less than thirty two inches, each acre of land receives every year in the rain water over fourteen pounds of pure chlorine, seventeen pounds of sulphuric acid and between two and three pounds of ammonia

The dynamic value of one pound of good steam coal has been estimated by Prof W D Rogers as equivalent to the work of one man one day, while three tons would represent his work for twenty years, counting 300 working days in a year He has further estimated that a four foot seam would yield one ton of good coal to the square yard, and that one square mile in area would represent the labor of over 1,000,000 men for twenty years.

According to Fire and Water, the soda water tank now appears in a new role—that of a neat and efficient extinguisher of fire Some days ago a vessel filled with varnish was accidentally set on fire in the cellar of a Louisville drug store, and it blazed up through a grating in front of the building as high as the second floor Before, however, the flames could gain headway in the building the heat had melted the lead pipe connected with the newly charged soda fountain, and the flames were instantly extinguished

In New Orleans, where the soil is water logged three feet beneath the surface, they get over the difficulty of putting telegraph and telephone wires under ground by erecting strong towers 150 feet high at intervals, and bracing them together with cables of steel wire rope These cables support the cross arms, etc, to which the telegraph and telephone wires are attached, and the wires are securely carried above the public streets The towers are also utilized for fire extinguishing purposes as a standpipe, with nozzles at different elevations, is fitted to each tower

RELIGIOUS GLEANINGS

It is said that 11,000 members of societies of Christian Endeavor have become church members

There are 110 Congregational church edifices in Canada with 30 221 sittings, representing a total value of $673 100

Rev Mr Spurgeon, in his formal letter of resignation from the Baptist union, says it is useless to ask him to reconsider his decision

The State Sunday School association reports that there are 963 016 scholars and 124,867 teachers in the Sunday schools of Pennsylvania

The $50,000 needed to establish a theological seminary at the Arcot mission in India has been raised by the Reformed (Dutch) churches.

An organ is to be built, it is said after designs by M Camillo Coll, a Frenchman for St Peter's, Rome, which shall be equal to the demands of the vast building

The receipts of the American Bible society for September were $23,179 81 The issues from the Bible house during the month were 66,555 copies issues since April 1 503 957 copies.

The receipts of the British Foreign and American Bible societies from their origin to the present year are reported to be $160 578 463 The amount received by these societies for the last year amounted to $5,179,048.

An Ohio preacher tried to quote the verse in Matthew about "not one jot or tittle and said, "Not one tot or jittle " Then he saw that he had erred and tried again " Not one jilt or tottle," said he, and again stopped But he would not give up, and began, " Not one tit or jottle and then with a red face he gave it up and went on with his sermon and there were not a half dozen of his hearers who could really tell just what the two words were

The officers of the Evangelical alliance have arranged with nearly all the railroads of the United States for reduced rates of fare to and from Washington D C on the occasion of the conference to be held on Dec 7 and 9 Certificates entitling the holders to tickets at the reduced rates will be sent to persons expecting to be present at the conference on application to Josiah Strong, D D secretary No 42 Bible House New York before Nov 20

LITERARY NOTES

Julian Hawthorne has become literary editor of The American Magazine

Charles Egbert Craddock has a new book entitled The Story of Keedon Bluffs which will be published by Houghton Mifflin & Co (Boston)

A new book is announced by Mr J A Froude, the title of which is The English in the West Indies or the Bow of Ulysses with illustrations from sketches by the author

John Habberton who has written many stories better than "Helen's Babies" but who is best known as the creator of Budge and Toddy, lives in a fine old place just outside New Rochelle, N Y

The late Mrs Mulock Craik is generally known only as a novelist but she wrote poetry as well, and a volume entitled "Thirty Years Poems New and Old" has not a few pieces of sterling worth and great beauty

NELLIE GRANT'S HOME.

A PRETTY PLACE WITH OLD WORLD SURROUNDINGS

Embarking for a Visit to America—Mrs Sartoris Children—A Talk with Her Concerning Her Thirteen Years Residence in England

Hardly a cannon's shot from the dull English seaport of Southampton Mr Algernon Sartoris (Nellie Grant) lives On the opposite side of the river from the straggling outlines of this old town she has a charming summer home It is a delightful place not only for its mistress and master, but for its complement and associations

One afternoon recently as the Dutch steamer from Bremen drew into the waters of the Hamble which washes the acres of this striking abode Mrs Sartoris put out in a rowboat to board it She was accompanied by the elder Sartoris who bade her an affectionate farewell as she reached the deck of the ship There was an embarkation at one's wonder and it was the beginning of Nellie Grant's first trip to America in two years Vivian her eldest daughter and second child sails with her She is a beautiful girl the image of her mother as one can be recalled when she first entered the White House when her father became president Algernon her eldest son is now a boy of 10 years old the little girl who goes with her to America is 8 and Rosa the youngest is 6 An interesting little group the mother and children make

But social life as the world knows and feels it in this locality does not interrupt the even tenor of the Sartoris home There are Ryde Esplanade and Southsea two famous summer places along the beach like our Far Rockaway and all within easy sight or sail of the quiet place towards which I hope to direct the reader's attention Nellie Grant is the mistress of this home now, for the elder Mrs Sartoris is dead The master is the father of the singular son who married this splendid American girl, who so worthily bore a great name The husband, having large interests in Wales is rarely at home, and the father devotes himself to the care of his son's children and his wife's happiness The elder Sartoris is a man of culture and refinement devoted to music, painting and literature He has means and not only surrounds himself with a home air of art and refinement, but with those who deal in the finer touches of existence His daughter in law lives in an atmosphere of the higher order

The farm is ample, well laid out and cultivated The house is an old building with two centuries of history about it The proprietor has added some new features to the architecture of the main building, and it is ample now to house the great troop of friends who frequently come here to enjoy the good taste of the proprietor There are acres and acres of lawn and pasture, and many more acres of flowers shrubbery and shade Graveled walks lead in and out between the rows of great trees, which run in every direction and tasteful flower beds dot the whole slope from the house to the river The old fashioned primrose and pink with other flowers so well remembered to dear old America garnish every part of the lawn and are so guided that they make up quaint illustrations of how beautifully colors may be combined Bowers of evergreens are here and there Overlooking the waters there is one where trailing vines have been guided over an archway of wire and the climbing ivy has been colored with a wealth of flowers which peep out cunningly from the dark green leaves of the climbing plant

This is Nellie Grant's musing place and it is a good point from which to study the history and surroundings of the place From it all the busy life of the water can be observed A little way off can be seen the three mighty stationary batteries that look like great black sentinels frowning upon every passer by—most magnificent illustrations of the military power of the United Kingdom On the land great lines of fortifications trend in every direction and I have often wondered if when looking upon these evidences of military glory this young woman ever recalled the greatness of her father and the mighty control he once exercised over the lives of men and the fate of a nation She muses and muses upon English life as it was and is, in its broadest phases, from this pretty arbor where she well is

" All this is beautiful but it is aimless " said the mistress to me speaking of these wonderful sights and their romantic and dramatic history " Sometimes I hardly know whether it is real or a dream It is so different from anything you know of in America yet I have grown very fond of this delightful country and their pleasant customs It is thirteen years since I came to England to live but time has passed so swiftly that it does not seem so long Naturally I think a great deal about the United States for all my family are there and no matter what changes one makes in life thoughts of our native land will frequently crowd into our reflections My recollections of my early home in America are very dear to me but yet the responsibilities of later life bring their reward as well My girlhood life was delightful and every one in America was exceedingly kind to me I think I inherited my father's dislike for politics for although I went into the White House a girl, I never took any interest in political conditions and I have followed the same rule since I have been in England

" I do not recall many of the ladies who were leaders in Washington society when my father was president for I was too young to know them intimately and the associates of my own age were not numerous How wonderfully things have changed since those days

" But these are recollections in which I ought not to indulge I have new responsibilities in these new days You ask about the condition of women in England It is somewhat different here than in America but you must remember the ladies as a rule more self reliance here than American women know They are too little full of good health are fond of exercise and take to the sports of the field with the men They do not expect the attention which American women demand yet I think English ladies are treated with courtesy as real and substantial as the women of any other country There may be quite as much chivalrous courtesy shown them but in the [illegible] of a certain [illegible] which really tend to make up one's happiness there is as much attention paid to women in England as anywhere in the world It is an old country and its customs are well established There is not the title of common that most people think and there is a great deal to commend in what American women find strange at first but would very soon fall into " —Frank A Burr's Letter in New York World

STORIES OF MEN

Dr Bryant's Joke Upon a Teller of Old Stories

Dr Bryant who accompanied President Cleveland on his recent tour through the west and south is a serious man who never jokes and never uses slang One day the doctor was walking through the woods on the Belle Meade farm, near Nashville, with Gen Bill Jackson who is known far and wide as a very successful raconteur The general was in particularly high spirits that day and stories came out of him like sap out of a sugar maple

At the end of an especially good story the doctor who didn't seem to be much tickled by the point of it continued to look up at the tree which he had been some time examining, and said

" General you raise a good many chestnuts here don't you?"

All the rest of the day the doctor wondered why Gen Jackson told no more stories. Chicago News

Elihu Washburne Sr and Jr

Elihu B Washburne, Jr, who was called home by the death of his distinguished father from the college he had been attending at Kingston N Y told this anecdote of him to a friend at the Grand Pacific house, New York [illegible] The ex minister was entirely lacking in appreciation of American humor From the time he was rocked in the old oak cradle at Livermore he was with the sterner side of life, and failed with the rather unfavorable surroundings to appreciate Yankee fun Last summer Elihu Jr spent some weeks with his father at the old homestead in Maine During the collegiate vacation the young man had not failed to draw on his father for funds As the old gentleman was sitting and reading and meditating perhaps on the proneness of youth to make money fly upward, like the sparks, Elihu Jr passed by in the hall singing in a fine baritone

Oh fifteen dollars
In my inside pocket

whereat the elder lost no time in answering in the same strain but with a slightly sarcastic intonation

Since when Elihu
Since when?

—Chicago Herald

M Quad Gets Into Trouble

EUFAULA ALA, Nov 7 While Mr C B Lewis (M Quad), of The Detroit Free Press who has been on a visit for a week to this city was sitting in front of the St Julien hotel in conversation with a local newspaper man they were approached by a stranger from the country who asked

" Which is M Quad?

" This is Mr Lewis answered pointing with a smile to the local newspaper man

" All right said the stranger addressing the Eufaulian " I heer'd you wuz in town and I've walked fourteen miles ter day just ter get er chance to hit yer "

It appears that the countryman had once written a communication to M Quad, the plans and specifications of which the humorist criticised and made fun of, and so won the countryman's lasting enmity After the affair the two scribes rescued their tall hats from the sand, and arm in arm they went up the street while the countryman was recovered and detained long enough to be fined $1 and costs for assault and battery Mr Lewis left this afternoon for Troy, Ala —St. Louis Globe Democrat

Another Lincoln Anecdote

Seymour Curtis is one of the characters of Stratford He went to the war as fifer and since has been what may be called an ardent working Republican He comes to Bridgeport nearly every day and on his last visit told the following anecdote never before printed

During the presidential campaign of 1856 when John C Fremont was the Republican nominee Mr Curtis in company with James Booth, came to this city to hear Lincoln speak As Lincoln stepped upon the platform to begin his speech Booth said to Curtis 'What a homely man! He's the homeliest man I ever saw' But as Lincoln talked and waxed eloquent Booth brought his clenched fist down on Curtis's knee (and the latter said he hit hard) and said, 'Seymour Curtis, he is not so bad looking after all! He grows handsomer all the time At last with a sledge hammer blow of his fist on Curtis's knee, Booth exclaimed ' Curtis, he's the handsomest man I ever saw ' "—New York Tribune

Why Bennett Came Home

Tom Ochiltree's latest is at the expense of James Gordon Bennett When told that the editor of The Herald had returned from Europe he evinced no surprise whatever, and murmured ' Of course of course, in the most matter of fact tone But why of course? demanded his informant, impatiently What do you know about it, anyhow? 'Nothing, was the witty Texan's rejoinder only—of course he's coming home to edit that new paper of his in Paris' —Chicago Herald

Bishop Potter's Poser

Bishop Potter is credited with the following joke A young clergyman not far from Harlem being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his clerical brethren wrote to the bishop inquiring, if as he had already published the bans from his own pulpit he could marry himself The bishop at once capped the query with in this Could you kiss yourself?' That settled it —New York Ledger

Funnier Than It Seems

The Princess Bismarck speaking to a friend shortly after a man in Posen had left her husband about $200 said ' I'm so glad Bismarck got the money just at this time when he needs a good steady horse to ride He always refused to buy one on the ground that he couldn't afford it It comes in handy, doesn't it? The prince it will be remembered has an income of $150,000 a year

Dickens Characteristic Reply

An enterprising phrenologist once wrote a note to the late Charles Dickens asking permission to make an examination of his cranium Dickens replied Dear sir At this time I require the use of my skull but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal —Manchester Guardian

Tabor to the Rescue

It is a shame, said a patriotic Coloradoan to Senator Tabor that we have no monuments to any of our great men in this state "

" So it is I'll have my measure taken for one immediately was the reply —Chicago News

A Career of Wealth Cut Short

A Long Island man ate seventy five clams at one sitting and won $100 by the feat After defraying his funeral expenses there was $30 left Twenty dollars a day clear profit is pretty good wages and if the Long Island man had continued in the business steadily he might have been able to buy a couple of little tickets annually besides having accumulated a hundred dollars of endowment with it He is still in death just a little ahead upon a money making career was rather unfortunate —Drake's Travelers Magazine

STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE GODDESS' VISITORS NOT SO NUMEROUS AS THEY WERE

Bartholdi's Work Falling More and More Into a Conventional Harbor Landmark—Visitors from the Country—A Commanding Outlook—Statuettes

Few big undertakings are a whole year's wonder, and it is only natural that the Statue of Liberty should be falling more and more into a conventional harbor landmark Such in fact, it is, and though the boats still run down from the Barge office daily with a fair sprinkling of sightseers one can feel that Bartholdi's work has lost its freshness for all but a few strangers and enthusiasts The sail these hot days is a pleasant one, and the air at the island is cool and salty That the statue is there is something, but not all that it used to be

Things on the island look much as they did the day after the unveiling The same rough wooden stairs lead up from the pier to the outer ramparts, over which the same useless six gun battery frowns Across the narrow interspace are the old star shaped granite walls of Fort Wood, with their curious winding sallyports They will be hidden some day by the big embankment which is to slope from the sea wall up to the statue's base There are no signs of such a terrace work now, and the walls stand out as bald and dull as ever against the lighter polished granite of the pedestal Even the wooden platform is still standing under the south face of the pedestal from which the unlucky orators faced the mist and rain on the day of the unveiling and struggled against the whistles of the fleet of tugs The same narrow wooden staircase runs up to the doorway of the pedestal There is no elevator inside The stone steps are hard to climb and one can get no further than the goddess' heel without a permit from the American committee The American committee, it turns out, is still in charge of the statue, though the government nominally owns it A good deal of bracing has to be done yet inside the big figure, and the terracing outside, for which the committee is responsible has not even been begun No money is on hand, and there is little chance of raising any

One misses the crowds, of course, that used to struggle down to the island on the overloaded steamboats last fall, and the bustle of the workmen hammering away high up on the head and shoulders of the big, unfinished goddess The last bolt was driven and the last rivet placed eight months ago and the shrillest sound nowadays on the quiet island is the morning bugle of the little squad of infantry that garrisons it The artillerymen from the harbor forts found life too dull and lonely under the shadow of the big beacon, and a less favored company of infantry was brought down from Sackett's Harbor to relieve them There is a guard, as usual, on the pier, another at the base of the statue, another at the base of the big bronze figure itself

FROM THE COUNTRY

Most of the visitors to Bedloe's Island nowadays are people from the country stopping over for a day or two in New York What they don't know about the harbor from the guide books is scarcely worth knowing, and the talk they hazard from the deck of the steamer as it leaves the barge office is often most refreshing

" I guess that be Staten Island," said a hayseedy looking old gentleman the other day to his wide mouthed family of six " Sir Rastus Wymen or some such nobleman owns the hull of it

'An' mebbe that's one of them towers of Babylun that we hearn Cousin Jimmy a talkin' about," he continued, jerking his finger at Castle William "Wall, I never I don't see no Brooklyn bridge down here, though it oughter be pretty near in front of us That's the East river what runs west, really, jus' as the North river runs south Blamed if I kin tangle her out right I see the Goddess of Liberty plain ennuf, and them's the Narrows what's behind her, where you see the smoke a hangin Must be Coney Island there with the hills onto it But I don't seem to find that Brooklyn bridge, no how "

The old man gazed carefully again around the horizon His idea of a bridge was a sort of a pontoon with a draw He fell on the real bridge at last from the pier at Bedloe's Island—a fine, gauzy network, showing against the black roofs and spires and the sky beyond He didn't say a word, but stared at it blankly for five minutes, and then for five minutes more at the goddess, and the people of Wayback will hardly be able to tell next winter which of the two is the greatest of the modern seven wonders

A COMMANDING OUTLOOK

No visit to the island is complete without a look through the parade ground, from the middle of which the statue rises, and a climb to the galleries of the pedestal with their commanding outlook on the harbor and its pretty setting of hills spires, towers and black, dense patches of cities The pedestal is open all the way up, though the copper figure itself is barred against the unfavored It is a long journey to the top however, and the prospect is scarcely tempting on a hot day to the unenthusiastic The men are generally matter of fact enough to be satisfied with the view below The young women especially those from the country "doing" the sights of New York, are more ambitious

The country people are the best customers too, of the girl who sells statuettes, medals and memorial volumes on the steamer Most of the statuettes have been on the market a good while There are some new ones however, representing Liberty astride of the North Pole of a colored globe, with the continents and oceans all neatly laid out in red and blue and yellow The Bartholdi medals have a head stamped on the face, which might be taken equally well for Julius Cæsar Alexander the Great, George Washington or Louis Napoleon It passes well enough however, with those who have never seen the French sculptor —New York Tribune

Old Time Sun Portraits

It is interesting to remember that the year 1839 was distinguished by the first experiment in New York through which Daguerre's novel process of making pictures became known to the public As they required an exposure of twenty minutes—too long for taking portraits—he stated that living objects could not be taken they could not keep still long enough Professor Morse, of telegraph fame was one of the first to see that a new field of art industry would be opened, and made some interesting experiments. —Magazine of American History

'Tain't fair to medjer de dep ob a snow by de drifts in de fence corner —F A. Macon.

Our Hotel Haunting Aristocracy

Every season the noble army of would be aristocrats is swelled We now have a distinct, untitled, sham aristocracy which is infinitely entertaining Go to any of the summer hotels throughout the land, and you will find a large percentage of well bred, well dressed, handsome Jews, who interfere with no one and never mingle outside their own race a larger percentage of wealthy gentiles, who wear gorgeous dresses have gorgeous turnouts gorgeous manners, and a gorgeous disregard for grammar a few quiet, well bred, reserved families, who lead retired lives and bother no one and a small colony of so distinct great ones toward whom the eyes of every one are constantly turning These people, on their arrival send forth the fiat that "they don't care to mix outside their own circle," and rude remarks of theirs, to the effect that "there is no one in the house with whom they care to associate, are constantly in circulation among the guests and leave some sore, some angry some jealous and a few philosophers amused It is the secret desire of half the people in the hotel to be admitted into this exclusive paradise, they would do anything to be able to sit in the heart of that little clique, as it forms an aristocratic hollow square on the shady side of the piazza But rarely are their pains rewarded The hollow square shows a chilling disregard of their existence, which is more crushing than deliberate insult At the same time, however, the young female hollow squarer shows no disregard for the existence of such young male pariahs as may be dangling about She absorbs them with well bred tranquillity and hangs their scalps round her belt, smiling dreamily

But these hotel haunting aristocrats are not genuine They are only good counterfeits Were they real they would have had cottages long ago But they are smart, and they think that it's much better to reign in hell than serve in heaven—a thousand times better to rule in a hotel than be ignored in a cottage They are, moreover, clever managers and have given the subject study Every attribute is as it should be They dress well and talk well Their manners are good save in the case of the lofty hauteur to which they treat their so called social inferiors and their social inferiors are more impressed by this than they would be by the refined suavity of nature's grandes dames Taking them all in all they are remarkably good shams, and as such deserve much praise The possessor of brains is a rarity not to be sneered at even though he use his brains to make himself a fool —New York Cor Argonaut.

Genius and Common Sense

It is perhaps, as natural for some people to forget common claims and duties as it is for others to become absorbed in them One man dwells in thought and shrinks from action another is always acting without thinking but, as Ruskin well tells us " it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy and the two cannot be separated with impunity " One is wedded to theories and despises practice another with executive power, scorns all theory as vaporous and impractical One man, engrossed with scientific research, neglects to control his money matters, and involves himself and others in trouble, another, vigilant and economical, cares not a straw for the most wonderful message that science ever brought Some are too much absorbed in lofty ideas or adventurous schemes to take proper care of their physical welfare, others, too much engaged with the claims of the body to take thought for anything beyond

It is a very common mistake to suppose that genius must always dwell in extremes, and that to mediocrity alone belongs the power of balance and harmony While it cannot be denied that it is sometimes the case it is not by any means either a necessary condition of things or one to be desired The man of genius most to be honored and admired is he who, while devoting himself to some one high aim or endeavor never forgets other claims and other relations He is not satisfied to be a grand statesman and a neglectful father an eminent philosopher and a careless spendthrift a fine astronomer and a disloyal friend, an earnest reformer and a cruel enemy Whatever else he may be he desires to be a man in the best sense of the word and to that dignity he can only attain by cultivating the qualities which combine to form true manhood —Philadelphia Ledger

Diet of Strong Men

Under the heading of The Diet of Strong Men," some say The coolie fed on rice is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat

This is not at all the case in the British colony of Demerara on the northeast coast of South America There the coolies, who are imported from India are the least robust of the three races employed as laborers They are not at all muscular and are employed in hoeing the crops and in similar light labor The Chinamen who are never called coolies there are stronger and they too are employed in the crops and also in mechanical and general labor But the heavy work the digging of ditches the handling of heavy timbers etc, is always done by negroes No planter will employ a coolie in such work, for his muscular strength is not equal to it, nor to any severe labor

The coolie does not confine his diet to rice nor the negro his to meat In Demerara the chief food of the laborer is salt codfish and plantains The coolie probably eats more rice and less meat than the negro but in other respects their food is about the same —G Robertson in Scientific American

The Chinaman's Moral Ledger

A good Chinaman after his day's work opens his moral ledger the Rev Dr Du Bose informs us Here are a few of the items which he can write down to his credit Ten points because he paid his father's debts 100 because when he was rich he married a deformed (ugly?) girl to whom he was betrothed when poor For lending an umbrella it was only 1 point for having saved the lives of 100 insects 1 point for having picked up a grain of rice 1 point for not having eaten beef or dog for one year 5 points for having destroyed immoral books 50 points Now per contra to have loved his wife more than his father and mother is to dock himself not less than 100 points To have seen immoral theatricals figures against him as 10 points If he got drunk that was 5 points to the bad Because he drowned a baby only 50 points If he had issued counterfeit money that would have made his loss 100 points To dig up a worm in winter is 1 point more to the bad He might split his sides when he saw an ugly person and be charged 5 points —New York Times

The South Sea Islanders at their last missionary meeting raised $1 531 for a new yacht to carry the gospel to New Guinea

THE WHIPPERS IN.

THE ARDUOUS DUTIES OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY "WHIPS"

How the Political Hounds Are Called Together in Great Britain's Legislative Halls—The Serious Responsibilities of the Party ' Whip

Political parties were declared by Pulteney a hundred years ago to resemble snakes in the fact that their heads were moved forward by their tails It might be invidious perhaps, at the present day to discuss the anatomy of our parties in order to find out where the motive power now lies but there can at least be little doubt that a party without a whip, or a couple of whips would stand a very poor chance indeed on the floor of the house of commons The first lord of the treasury may be "absent through indisposition," or the chancellor of the exchequer may stay away from some other reason, and there are plenty of occupants of the treasury bench to take their place for a night But supposing that both whips should be incapacitated, who would be their substitutes No other members know half so much about the party organization as they do They are indispensable—and they are aware of the fact

It is quite ten years since, before the Liberals had been so fatally split up as they are at present that Sir Wilfrid Lawson amused his constituents by telling them that it was the custom of the whip person of parliament to summon their political hounds together by means of a polite little circular which "earnestly requested the presence of each individual member who might be counted on to vote straight If there was no dash under the word ' earnestly ' it was safe to infer, said the honorable member for Carlisle, that the business to which reference was made might or might not come on that evening One dash under the word meant that the member summoned ought to come Two dashes meant that he certainly should come Three underlining strokes meant that he must come And if the whip had been lavish enough to waste no fewer than four dashes on the "earnestly," the precise significance of that was that if the member chose to stay away he would do so at his peril

It is open to question whether the use of these marks, supposed to be so dear to the feminine mind beneath the summoning words in whips circulars have been productive of good or harm One obvious result has been to cause legislators to have very little respect for an earnest request without the accompanying symbols of peremptoriness If a whip were to be asked what possible ' peril ' could be involved in a member disobeying a party command, and staying at home when a great division was pending, he would no doubt reply that the peril arose from the member's own constituents But for all that members who are casual in their parliamentary attendance or confirmed absentees do unquestionably go in terror of the remonstrances of the party fuglemen apart altogether from a consideration of the effect of non voting on the safety of their seats

Long custom has made the rule of the whip a preemptive one which nobody would dispute except when convictions forced a man to quit his party ranks and vote for once with the opposite hosts It is a rule which is exercised with great tact and judgment and which is not resented Now and then no doubt, members break away from the whips, occasionally a statesman like Mr Disraeli in his free lance days refers bitterly to the party organization as being too severe, and dubs the necessity of obeying the whips "slavery " As a general rule, however, it is recognized that a party would be all at sea without these officials, who work so silently, and whose names are not marked out for the fame which awaits the political leaders on either side

The whip has a hard fate He leads a scandalously irregular life as far as late hours are concerned He is expected to rise with the lark although he only goes to bed with the reporters, and when the last light is being extinguished in the house of commons Members of his party who are in trouble of any sort come to him and consult him as if he were a father confessor He is supposed to have a kind of intuitive acquaintance with the ' feeling of the party ' and if he misleads the leaders in this respect he is made to repent the blunder in parliamentary sackcloth Under all possible irritations he is expected to keep his temper to have a nod or a word ready for everybody, and to smile like an angel even if kept up by an all night sitting and racked with toothache

" Equanimity within upon everything connected with the game of politics," ought to be inscribed in letters of gold round a whip's coat collar

Now what is the guerdon for all this display of civic virtue? The virtue in this case as in most cases, is its own reward and the whip gets no pecuniary solatium whatever He takes his salary in the esteem of his brother members, and in the consciousness that he is playing an important part in the political arena No sooner are the doors of the house thrown wide, and the division bell sounded, than he is to be seen making his way rapidly to the front benches there to receive instructions as to which lobby his party is to go into and other important matters He is expected to have some mesmeric influence over members so as to ' keep a house More than that when there is danger of the cloture being needed, he has to keep such a house as was never dreamed of in the good old fashioned days for he is responsible for having no fewer than 200 supporters in attendance in the library smoking room, dining room or lobby ready to pounce when Mr Smith gives the word —London Telegraph

Getting Acquainted

"Why I did not know that you and that little girl had got acquainted yet said a Roxbury father to his 6 year old son who came in from a walk on the adjoining lawn with the tiny daughter of the new next door neighbor ' Yes Clara and I have been acquainted lots of days " said the very small boy ' What did you say to her first ' asked the father ' Oh, Clara spoke to me first she came down by the chicken house and asked me how many prayers I say nights and I told her and then I asked her how many prayers she says and she told me and then we were acquainted —Boston Record

The Daily Newspaper

Though the Sunday paper is more or less literary I do not believe that it interferes now or will in the future interfere, with the circulation of the literary weeklies and the magazines All thinking men will naturally go to the weeklies and magazines to be informed on certain subjects A great change would have to take place in the daily newspaper before it could be a serious opponent to the more carefully prepared weeklies and monthlies —Oswald Ottendorfer in The Epoch.

Turgeneff's Peculiarities

Turgeneff was very neat about his person, changing his underclothing every day, etc Polonsky's surprise at his manner of brushing his hair led to the statement of a curious fact with regard to Turgeneff's skull "I brush it fifty times on the right side fifty on the left, then I take this comb and pass it through 100 times. What are you surprised at? There is still another comb—a fine one " Then he explained that his love of brushing his hair was inherited from his mother, who was once seized with a mania for dressing everybody's hair She combed the heads of the maids, and once in Moscow called a poor old invalid soldier in from the street, seated him at her dressing table, combed, arranged and anointed his hair, and then gave him money and dismissed him In continuation of this subject he mentioned the curious fact above referred to He was convinced that his temples had never grown over in infancy and that his brain was covered only by the skin on the spot where there is a slight depression "When I was at boarding school," he said, 'I felt a sort of giddiness whenever the children tapped on my temples with their fingers, and as children never have any mercy, sometimes they pressed my temples intentionally and almost made me faint "

Turgeneff was not wholly wrong on on this point, for when the doctors examined him after death they found that his skull was very thin, and possibly it was thinner still on his temples, so that it actually did yield under strong pressure particularly in childhood

He was as particular as he was personally neat He always put things in order when he found them strewn about—the children's playthings, clothing, etc like a nurse And once when he had forgotten to put his scissors in place he got out of bed, lighted a candle, and only went back when everything on his writing table was in due order He could not write if anything was out of place — Miss Hapgood in The Independent

Designer of the Yacht America

I have heard a great deal in the way of reminiscence about the America recently Her designer, George Steers, was pretty badly treated it seems Stevens offered him $30 000 for a boat that would lead in the yachting contests The contract being that she was to win all three of a certain series of races Stevens threw her back on Steers' hands because she was defeated in one of them, though she had amply proved her capacity and superiority to anything afloat Steers was in a great state, for he could not afford to own her and was owing for the material of which she was built He was so close pressed that he took an offer of $20,000, and only found after the sale was completed that Stevens was the real purchaser, the other man being the unacknowledged agent

Steers had his opinion of such sharp practices, but nevertheless took so keen an interest in his work that he consented to go over in her to England Stevens was very high with him and never asked him into the cabin He lived in the forecastle during the whole expedition When the Englishmen, however, found out that Steers was the man who built the boat which defeated them, many more of their invitations went to him than to the man who merely owned it by dint of a score of thousands and some slippery work Steers staid in the forecastle, but he went from there to dine on board the yachts of the richest and most exclusive nobles of England, and Stevens found himself rather at a discount At least that is the story as given to me —Brooklyn Eagle

Confederate Captives at Big Shanty

A large cable, fastened to stakes, encircled us round on the outside of which walked the soldiers who guarded us They all walked the same way, and the soldier whose post was No 1 bawled out when he neared either end of his walk, "Right about! ' which was the signal for all the guards on duty to right about at the same time and so prevent any chance of a prisoner's crawling away unperceived I was struck with this wise precaution on the part of the enemy, for already I was beginning to look for some chance to get away and doubtless others of those chafing Confederates were doing the same As it was, the regular tramp, tramp of the soldiers' feet and the clock like "right about" of the master of ceremonies convinced us all of the hopelessness of any such undertaking I had no blanket, and so, with a heavy heart and a weary head and wide open eyelids which sleep refused to visit lay down alongside of my men on the bare bosom of mother earth, one of the most miserable and wretched of men —Ex Confederate Colonel in Philadelphia Times

"Aunty In the Kitchen

Even to day one will find in many Kentucky households survivals of the old order—find "Aunt Chloe" ruling as a despot in the kitchen, and making her will the pivotal point of the whole domestic system I have spent nights with a Kentuckian self willed and high spirited, whose occasional refusals to rise for a half past 5 o'clock breakfast always brought the cook from the kitchen up to his bedroom, where she delivered her commands in a voice worthy of Catherine the Great 'We shall have to get up,' he would say, "or there'll be a row!" One may yet see, also old negresses, setting out for an annual or a semi annual visit to their former mistresses and bearing some offering—a basket of fruits or flowers I should like to mention the case of one who died after the war and left her two children to her mistress to be reared and educated The troublesome and expensive charge was taken and faithfully executed —James Lane Allen in The Century

Picture of a Mountaineer

Bridger's appearance indicated his age to be 48 but he was remarkably spare and thin of flesh and nearly six feet in height Altogether he was the most remarkable white man I ever met on mountain or plain in his personal appearance and demeanor Dressed in the clothing of a white man he seemed to wear it as a stranger to the garb of civilized life Surrounded as he had been so many years by constant dangers that even while sitting at a camp fire in the midst of white men his eyes were taking in every moving object in the entire circle of his vision slowly moving his eyes from over one shoulder around to gaze over the other shoulder so as to complete the circle, taking in everything as far as he could see this everlasting watch had become a fixed habit he was the embodiment of "eternal vigilance ' —John I Oliver in Magazine of American History

The Gain of Keeping Cool

Very much is gained by keeping cool under all sorts of danger and threats of danger If the cholera were to come this way it would take special delight in picking off those whom it would find already frightened half to death —Wheeling Intelligencer

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LOCAL NEWS.

—Mrs. Chas. Bell is on a visit among her relatives and friends at Mt. Vernon, O.

—Harry M. Wood has gone to Lexington, Ky., on a business trip for the Huber Manufacturing company.

—Mrs. M. H. Porch has been suffering quite a serious spell of sickness, but is now regarded as improving.

—Jesse Hunter was at Prospect Sunday. Next to hustling real estate Jesse is most at home when in Prospect.

—Mrs. Dr. Denman was visiting at her parents' home in Columbus, and remained until after Thanksgiving.

—The County Commissioners were at Marysville Monday on joint Marion and Union county ditch business.

—The churches were all closed Sunday evening, owing to the meeting of the Bible society at the Evangelical church.

—Miss Clara Blaich left Saturday morning for Chicago, where she will spend a few months with her uncle, Otto Peuser.

—Commissioners Merchant, Dodds and Loyer were in Morrow county four days last week on joint county ditch business.

—Judge Norris adjourned court to the 28th inst., when Judge Price will be here and render decisions in the two cases heard by him.

—N. Green is home from Mt. Gilead and no wonder, either. Mrs. Green presented him with a bright little daughter Tuesday morning.

—James Wyman, the ex-rink manager, but now a hustling agent of the Huber company at Cochranton, Pa., was in the city over Sunday.

—Mrs. Charles Stanley left Tuesday for Dallas, Tex., to join her husband, who is engaged in a wholesale and retail grocery store in that place.

—Col. W. H. Eckhart and wife left on Sunday for Monroeville, O., called thither by a telegram announcing the serious illness of the Colonel's mother.

—The police found the front door of Ayer's saloon open Sunday night, but nothing was disturbed. The police ought to rejoice at such a find these cold nights.

—The tax duplicates were finished by Auditor Clark and Deputy Day on Friday, and were turned over to Treasurer Dickson. Tax paying can be done at any time now.

—The Upper Sandusky Knights of Pythias gave a grand society ball on Thursday night of this week. Invitations were quite numerous among the Marion Knights.

—Bright Durfee is back from the West for a short stay in Marion. He is one of those hustlers that Marion's progressive citizens would rather have remain here permanently.

—Bishop Bedell, of the Episcopal Church of Ohio, has been lying seriously ill at Mt. Vernon. The last bulletin by his physicians, however, says he is slowly but surely recovering.

—A young fellow who disturbed the Salvationists in their meetings has been called upon to pay $5 into the corporation by Mayor Gailey, who places his fine at that figure for the offense.

—Marshal Buenneke was kicked squarely on his big toe by a cow and the member is seriously wounded. Indeed the city Marshal wouldn't be very successful chasing a fleeing criminal just now.

—H. F. Snyder returned from Crestline Thursday night with the proper application of about thirty of Crestline's best citizens for a K. of P. lodge. The new order will be instituted the 25th of this month.

—H. F. Snyder has had charge of the court house clock for some time past, and has made a comparison of its running with St. Louis and Washington time. In five weeks it has not varied a perceptible amount from the St. Louis or Washington clocks.

—Gilbert Highwarden, the colored youth who stole a Cardington horse and disposed of the same in this city for $7 and a cheap watch, has been sent to the Ohio penitentiary for four years. He plead guilty before Judge Dickey at Mt. Gilead on last Saturday.

—Judge Norris held court Saturday, heard arguments and motions, and attended to other necessary work, to clear up the docket for the October term. Next term of court will be under the administration of Patsy Kelly, as this one closes Sheriff Beckley's court labors.

—Twelve or fifteen men are busily engaged laying waterworks mains through Rock Swale. The distance of fully a quarter of a mile must be laid yet this fall, or winter rather, and the men propose to do it even though the weather is most awful tough for out door work just at present.

SANDUSKY, O., Nov. 27, 1885
I have used Surprise Liniment for rheumatism and testify it is the very best remedy I have ever tried. My wife used it for sore throat and found speedy relief.
EDWARD COLLEY, Coal Dealer.

—Miss Sallie Kraner has gone to Columbus to visit relatives and friends in that city.

—Mrs. Col. Houston and daughter, of Columbus, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reed the fore part of this week.

—Mrs. J. S. Stebbins, of Deerfield, Mass., is making a visit with Mrs. J. S. Reed, on the corner of South and East streets.

—Mrs. Margaret Sill and daughter, Miss Carrie, of Bedford, Pa., are guests of the Mesdames Beale and Adams, on Mill street.

—Mrs. J. Fribley has gone to Delaware to visit her daughter, Mrs. Smith, in that city. She will also visit Mrs. Dann, at Columbus, before returning home.

—Horace B. Smith, the Cleveland architect, was here Wednesday, submitting his plans for the new Infirmary addition to the county Commissioners and Infirmary directors.

—P. B. Davis, of Morgan county, is in the city working up the interests of the Fraternal Mystic Circle. Mr. Davis hopes to secure a sufficient membership to start a good subordinate circle here in Marion.

—Col. Boone's Zanesville Belt Line has been taken into court by the B. and O. Boone's line ran around the town and in some places slipped through alleys so narrow that the ties almost touched the buildings on both sides. His audacity excited admiration

—The managers of the Marion Creamery, which closed its season's business the fore part of this month say that while the business did not pay largely on the investment, there were sufficiently encouraging results for the first year, notwithstanding the fact that it was a poor year for creameries generally.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Fowler and Miss L. E. Millegan, agents for the Mansfield Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating works, are in the city, with headquarters at Mrs. Hatch's, corner of South and West streets. They will remain for a few days and canvass the city for orders pertaining to their line of business.

—The steam whistle fire alarm from west end locomotives, is getting to be a more familiar fire alarm than the fire bell. Monday night, between ten and eleven such an alarm was sounded for the fire in Cobb & Andrews stave yard. The blaze was found to be only the burning of a couple ricks of staves and being able to prevent any spread not much damage was done.

—Supt. Ewan, of the Bee Line, has issued a circular addressed to the employes of the road, calling attention to the fact of the road's good fortune in handling its immense business without serious casualties during the past year, and attributing these good conditions to the diligence and careful service of the employes. Mr. Ewan's circular is just the kind to show the boys that their endeavors are appreciated, and makes them feel like doing all the better.

—A farmer in Crawford county has introduced a new way of husking his corn. He had a thresher and an engine taken to his place and after taking a few teeth from the cylinder of the machine ran his entire stock of corn fodder through. It resulted in the clean shelling of the cob at the rate of sixty bushels per hour and broke up the stocks and leaves of the corn in fine shape, making it into the best and most economical feed for cattle. Other experiments will be made.

—Galion Inquirer: A dastardly outrage was perpetrated by an unknown youth on the line of the N. Y., P. and O., on Wednesday. While train 5 was passing near Twin bridge, east of Burbank, a young miscreant hurried through an adjoining cornfield and hurled a stone into the cab of engine 27. It struck young Dave Morrison, the fireman, on the nose and inflicted a serious wound. He was dazed when struck and suffered severely for several days. A detective is working up the case.

—Upper Sandusky Chief: The old crazy fellow who has been in jail for some weeks past on a charge of burning the barn of Samuel Stansberry, in Mifflin township, was released from custody Wednesday noon, and sent to Marion, the grand jury having failed to find an indictment against him. He came nearer being a hog than any man that has ever been confined in the jail, and it was necessary to keep him seperated from the other prisoners, owing to his filthy habits. The fellow was sent back from Marion in the evening, and on Thursday afternoon he was given a hearing before Judge Clayton for insanity. The hearing established that beyond a doubt, and he was sent to the infirmary, where he will be kept until it can be found where he belongs. He says his name is W. H. Howe, and he claims Indianapolis as his home.

Gilmore, the Wonderful Leader.

The concert announced to be given by Gilmore's band is causing a ripple of delightful anticipation from one end of the city to the other, and it promises to be the most enjoyable musical feast we have had this season. The great bandmaster is accompanied by his entire 22d Regt., N. Y., band, the one that made so much of a stir in Europe by its marvelous playing, and which is known all over the United States for the delightful as well as wonderful musical effect it produces. In his famous concert tours Gilmore has had several famous prima donnas, and this time he brings Miss Lititia Fritch, noted for her remarkable beauty, charming manner and voice. She is the prima donna who recently won such enviable distinction in Mexico. She with the great soloists who have been with him for years and others whom he secured at great expense from the famous bands of Europe, form a combination that is nowhere equaled and one that has had unusual success during the present tour. The agent states that it is Gilmore's intention to make a tour of this country in the future, so if our public shows proper appreciation of Manager Christian's effort in securing this wonderful band for the coming concert, we can count on hearing them in our city again. That the programme will be a rich one goes without saying, for it is the same that has been given throughout the tour.

Mr. M. Shoemaker, Vice President Northern National Bank, Toledo, Ohio, having suffered for years with rheumatism and cried all remedies known to alleviate, says, Surprise Liniment is the best remedy he has ever used. Try it at druggists.
SURPRISE MEDICINE CO., Sandusky, O.

OUR YEOMANRY.

FIFTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE OF MARION COUNTY FARMERS

At Music Hall on November 18 and 19—A Poorly Attended but Highly Interesting Meeting with Gratifying Results—Full Account of the Entire Proceedings.

The fifth annual session of the Marion County Farmers' Institute convened at Music Hall on Friday morning of last week at 10 o'clock, with President Owen in the chair. The meeting was projected by the State Board, and gave but two weeks in which to advertise and work it up, hence the attendance throughout was small. The experience of this and former sessions held in Marion seems to demonstrate that the county seat is the least favorable of all places to hold a farmers' institute. A few earnest progressive men and women find it both pleasant and profitable to lay aside all other work and attend every session held here or elsewhere. When one considers the vast amount of practical and valuable information furnished by the speakers and writers during the two days' session, it is surprising that such a small per cent. of our farmers were present to avail themselves of it. The attendance ranged from fifty to one hundred and fifty, when it should have been six hundred at least.

A chorus led by W. H. Likins opened the Institute by singing "Bud and Bloom," and then prayer was offered by Rev. R. Wallace.

This was followed by a very practical talk by W. W. Farnsworth, on "A Profitable Orchard." There is but a limited area that can be profitably devoted to orchard culture for commercial purposes, but almost anywhere enough fruit may be easily grown for home use. The facilities for keeping fruit far beyond its period, together with that of shipping, have been greatly increased, so that fruit has become an article of food almost the year around. It is an undeniable fact that our orchards have been decaying for some years past, but with proper treatment they may be largely restored. In the selection of soils, a clavey loam with gravelly sub soil is generally best. One requisite is thorough drainage, either natural or artificial. Prepare the soil by plowing before the trees are set. The ground need not be excessively rich, but the trees must be fed as well as corn. In the selection of trees about twenty-five varieties should be selected for a family orchard and six would be sufficient for a market orchard It would be profitable to ascertain what varieties are producing well in the orchards of your neighbors on soil similar to your own. The speaker then named a number of popular varieties. Above all, don't allow the fruit tree agent to select for you. Select trees of medium growth, not too high or large—one two years old preferred to one three, as we are not required to trim back the top. Pears, especially, should not be transplanted after two years old. Every farm should have pears from July to April yet most of them are confined to one or two varieties. He then enumerated several varieties—Clapp's Favorite, Flemish Beauty, Bartlet, Sheldon, Sickle and Pour de Anjon. Don't dig a deep hole, as the water will settle in it and drown the tree out, but plow the ground well and cultivate for the first five years with some crop, like potatoes and corn. It will be safer to drive a whole day to a good nursery man rather than patronize a foreign nursery. Don't expose the roots much to the air. Put in the tree, cover the roots and then pack the dirt firmly around it, and, if dry, water well, and, if you can't cultivate, mulch them, so as to retain the moisture. Prune the trees twice a year, and do not plow an old orchard very deep. They may be sowed with clover and mulch with the straw. To protect trees from mice and rabbits, swab the trees around with crude carbolic acid. Jarring plumb trees suddenly will prove an effective remedy to remove curculio, and hellebore will surely remove currant worms. It was asked if budding fruit was superior to root grafting. The answer was that budding was no advantage. In root grafting the union was formed in the ground and less liable to disease and forms a stronger, straighter trunk than budded fruit. And it was advised that trees be selected as near the latitude of the planting as possible.

After a pleasant recitation of "Leaving the Homesetad" by Miss Della Likins, and a song by the choir, Mr. F. E. Blake read his admirable paper entitled "A Vegetable Garden." He spoke of the invigorating effects of gardening on both mind and body, and said that almost any soil in Marion county is good enough for gardening if well drained. His fine thrusts of sarcasm at the farmer who lays out an eight by ten garden and generously allows his wife to till it, was applauded. One day spent in the garden will yield as much profit as ten in the cornfield. Woman does her share to cook the vegetables and should not be required to grow them. Every farm should have a two-acre garden in the form of a parallelogram, and if that much good soil can not be had near the house it may be located some distance from the house, and the soil should be prepared now, plowing under a generous supply of manure six or eight inches deep, or plow in the fall and top dress it. Don't use the same fertilizer several years in succession. For our supply seeds select the best and smoothest specimens and set them out in the spring, and we may raise all our seeds except melon, cabbage and celery, which we should purchase with other seeds, of the most reputable seedmen in the country. Then followed a description of the hot-bed and the manner of plowing the garden, and planting potatoes under straw. Put in plenty of everything in straight rows and if you have an excess of any kind, they will always sell readily in town. The best text for both preaching and practice is stir the soil well. In this work hand cultivators are invaluable, and we should not haste "to lay them by." The best insecticides he knew of were manure, the cultivator, and the hoe. When these fail London purple and Paris green will do the work. These are a few of the practical hints with which the paper abounded, and it is to be regretted that a much larger number of farmers were not present to hear it.

D. Birch then recited "The Face Against the Pane."

One of the most beautiful and impressive exercises of the session was Rev. J. W. McGreggor's paper on "Home Life on the Farm." Some one had asked, "Are there any homes in New York City?" On the farm we are living amid the workmanship of God. He showed that the tendancy of advancing civilization is to increase our wants. We rejoice in all worthy advances, but there is a danger line beyond which we must not pass. "Our trouble seems to be to find the exact line where comfort ends and luxury begins. I do not condemn ornament, but plead for comfort and convenience." The speaker cast his eye over the many vacant chairs in Music Hall and said he should like to see a larger representation of farmers from a rich county like this at its annual Institute. Referring to the sphere of woman's activity, he said she had no grander theatre than a well ordered home. There was no other school equal to life on the farm for developing the whole man. This was proven by the fact that three-fourths of all the successful men in this country were started on the farm, while all the votaries of vice come from the army of idlers. The old regime of three months' school and nine months' work had been productive of a standard race. He deplored the decadence of our system of apprenticeship, because in its place we have idleness, card playing and novel reading. The man who enters a factory now becomes a human machine, and the tendancy of our schools and industrial pursuits was to crush out all originality. The farm laborer escapes both of these conditions, for the boy on the farm can go West and homestead 160 acres, develop it and become independent. The college authorities of the country are waking up to the fact that a man is not all brains and are providing industrial schools. But industrial features, like all good things, may be overdone. Every home should be supplied with books and periodicals, and parents should retain some thing of the spirit of youth. The address contained many good things, which we would be glad to note, but its chief enjoyment was in the hearing, and only those who were there will be able to compute what others lost by absence.

A somewhat larger audience came out Friday evening to hear Gen. S. H. Hurst on "Ohio's First Century." It was a brilliant and eloquent effort. He traced our territorial history. In 1788 the first settlement was made at the mouth of the Muskingum river, where Marietta now stands. The territoral government of the Northwestern Territory lasted fifteen years, when Ohio became a State. The population of twelve States met here on common grounds to build a mighty State, hence we are akin to all the East, and rich strains of heroic blood have mingled to produce that grand combination —the "Ohio man." The converging of emigration soon became diverging lines of inigration, and Ohio helped grandly to people the prairies, and hence is akin to all the West. When the conflict of '61 came on Ohio sent South 300,000 of her best boys to persuade our Southern sisters to return, and they did return, and we gave them a new life and a new civilization, hence we are akin to the South. So we are to hold a great family reunion next year to commemorate a hundred years of history and progress. It will be held next year at Columbus, on the new fair grounds, which consists of 106 acres and which will be fitted up with buildings and appliances to accommodate the extent and character of the exhibits. The exposition will be divided into sixteen departments, as follows:

1. Dep't of History and Archeology.
2. Dep't of Science and Education.
3. Dep't of Fine Arts.
4. Dep't of Agriculture.
5. Dep't of Horticulture.
6. Dep't of Floriculture and Forestry.
7. Dep't of Live Stock.
8. Dep't of Mining and Metallurgy.
9. Dep't of Mechanics and Machinery.
10. Dep't of Manufacture.
11. Dep't of Merchandise.
12. Dep't of Commerce and Transportation.
13. Dep't of Printing and Journalism.
14. Dep't of Woman's Work.
15. Dep't of Public Charities and Correction.
16. Dep't of Entertainments.

It is recommended that each county shall organize a centennial association, and appoint commissioners to see that the county is fully represented in the exposition, and that during the winter frequent meetings be held, at which will be given lectures, essays and recitations, calculated to awaken an interest in the Centennial. Steps have already been taken to effect such organization for Marion county, and the work will go bravely on. The exposition will be both State and inter-State, and the idea of comparing the old and the new will run through it all. The exhibition will be on a scale of grandeur in every department that was never witnessed in the Mississippi valley, and the year and occasion will be one of jubilee and rejoicing that ought to bring to Columbus, with her central position and ample railroads, almost every man, woman and child in the great State.

Milton Bain followed with Carleton's "Out of the Fire," which was recited in a very happy style and won merited applause.

Mr. D. Birch closed the evening's exercises with a talk on "American Politics vs. American Government." He outlined the fundamental forms of government, showing the degenerate forms of each and many features of practical polities that have a tendency to defeat the true idea of our government. Among these he enumerated the deceptive statements of leaders, the use of money, schemes of demagogues, newspaper slanders, campaign songs and spoils of office—all tending to corrupt and defeat honest elections. The most potent of all remedies was for each one of us to begin at home and get right ourselves, then we might lend our influence to others.

Saturday morning the institute opened with a practical talk by Mr. Farnesworth on "Grapes." The small amount of space required by the vine makes it universally profitable yet many were kept from raising them believing that it required extensive knowledge of pruning. The soil should be well drained and medium rich. The rows should run lengthwise of hills to avoid washing, and when practicable run them east and west for good and sufficient reasons. In planting, prefer a strong one-year-old to a weak two year-old, cut back the roots and as deep as it grew at first and leave two or three buds, allowing but one shoot to grow. Cut it back to thirty inches and the second year allow two shoots to grow, tieing to a stake and the third year tie the shoots grown to a trellis and allow three shoots to grow from each arm which extends half way to the next vine on either side. The young shoots that bear fruit should be cut off leaving only two buds so that each arm will have six or eight shoots. Plant the rows eight feet apart and twelve feet apart in the row. Plow, throwing dirt to the vine in fall for protection and from it in the spring. Mulch those around the house. Ashes and bone dust are good fertilizers. Putting the branches in paper sacks when about the size of buckshot has been found effective to protect them from frosts, insects and rot. Then followed an enumeration of varieties. The popular Concord, and the Worden much like it, but earlier and sweeter. Lady he pronounced a sweet, early and hardy grape. Delaware good but a weak grower and the Catawba was quite late. The Virgins is hardy and a long keeper. The Niagara sell high on account of its size and beauty. The Brighton, a red grape, is a weak grower at first, but does well when started.

The next hour was occupied by Prof. H. A. Weber in the discussion of Commercial Fertilizers. His analysis of plants and the soil showed that nature was prodigal in the supply of all kinds of plant food except three elements viz: Nitrogen, Phosphorus and Potassium. He showed the profit of all present how the soil of any locality may be tested so as to find out the fertilizing element needed and then it may be applied at greatly reduced cost by buying only what we need for the soil of that locality.

In the afternoon the first speaker was J. L. Yoakam, who read an original poem on "Industry," after which the society proceeded to the election of officers which resulted as follows:

President, G. E. Lawrence.
Vice President, E. Conley.
Secretary, Joseph Klinefelter.
Treasurer, Josephus Monnett.

Township Vice Presidents—Bowling Green, W. P. LaRue; Big Island, Leroy Coon; Tully, Nelson Campbell; Grand, J. B. Robins; Grand Prairie, Fred Heinaman; Montgomery, 2nd, N. T. Prettyman; Montgomery, 1st, J. F, Marsh; Marion, Uncapher; Claridon, 2nd, Wm. Brocklesby; Claridon, 1st, A. H. Houser; Scott, M. U. Walton; Salt Rock, M. H. Rhodes; Richland, J. G. Gompf; Waldo, James Emery; Prospect, G. F. Gast; Pleasant, George Myers; Green Camp, Philip Schwaderer.

A beautiful duet followed.

Josephus Monnett was called out as the youngest member of the emergency committee and acquitted himself in his unusually happy style in a ten minutes' talk on "Protect the Farm." He made a stirring appeal for greater protection by law to the birds and timber.

Rev. J. W. McGregor gave us some lessons on the closing year which made a profound impression on all. While two thirds of all the misery is caused by rum, it is not the only farm of dissipation. The modern appetite for sensation has reached the danger line of degredation and the public press is a shocking commentary on our public taste.

The modern agricultural fair with its sham attractions catering to the same depraved sense was next handled without gloves. Nothing, however, so stimulates us as the effort to make ends meet and we are living under the pressure of the hungry world calling for bread and have passed the time when a farmer can conduct his business with simply muscles and a stomach. We find it profitable to come together in meetings like these to swap information.

Mrs. Taylor, teacher of elocution, in the Marion Normal and Commercial Institute, then convulsed the audience with a rendition of "Pyramus and thus be."

A small but well entertained audience gathered in the evening to hear Prof. M. Manly, superintendent of Galion schools.

Mr. F. E. Blake recited in humorous style the old poem "Here she goes and there she goes," and was followed by Prof. Manley with "Ohio" for his theme. The lecture was given without notes in his vigorous and forceful way and showed extensive research and a compresensive knowledge of Ohio's history. He showed that there was good and sufficient reasons for the Ohio man's prominence in national affairs. Our State is crossed by three great trunk lines, and we lie between the rich east and the tillers of the soil in the west with rich mineral treasures beneath our feet. The Constitution of the United States was adopted in 1787, and the ordinance of 1787 was passed. In 1802 Ohio became a State with only 40,000 population, and in less than four score years increased to 3,200,000. He then depicted in glowing terms the glories of our agricultural wealth, our mineral treasures, the growth of our public school system, reducing the per cent. of illiteracy to four and a half per cent. He touched upon our religious institutions, public charities, etc., in an interesting way, and all present went home no doubt with nobler ideas of the great commonwealth in which we live.

The Farmer Wouldn't Bite.

[Upper Sandusky Chief.]

Owen Haines, a farmer residing near McCutchenville, in Seneca county, one day last week was approached by a swindler who desired to equip his barn with lightning rods. The fellow said his name was D. O. Young, landlord of the Pierson house, Upper Sandusky. He said that a lightning rod man had boarded at his house, and being unable to pay his bill skipped, leaving a lot of rods behind. He said he was now trying to realize something of the debt by disposing of the rods, and under those circumstances he would rod the barn for the nominal price of $5. Mr. Haines reads the papers and is too well posted to bite on such fishy tricks, and the fellow only wasted his breath. Look out for the lightning rod man. The fellow is an imposter, and if apprehended should be severely dealt with, as he is using the name of one of our most esteemed citizens in catching the unwary.

—George James was up from Springfield Wednesday, spending the time pleasantly among his Marion friends. George smiles as of old and Springfield seems to have increased his congeniality.

"NANON!"

Full Dress Imported Pique Shirts, the latest New York Shirt, also a full line of fine

PLEATED WHITE

—AND—

FANCY PERCALES!

The newest designs at moderate prices.

Underwear!

In every quality and style, at lower prices than ever before known.

KLEINMAIER BROTHERS,

Strictly One Price Clothiers.

LITTLE CUTTING AFFRAY.

The Bee Line House the Scene of Shedding a Little Crimson Gore.

About 2 p. m. Wednesday a fight occurred at the Bee Line House in which no one was seriously hurt, but the display of knives and slight blood letting had the tendency of rousing no little excitement. A N. Y., P. and O. yard brakeman answering to the nickname of "Shorty," and a young fellow who had just recently arrived from eastern Ohio to work on the waterworks, were the participants. From all accounts both belligerants indulged in too much chin music, and the result led to blows. The stranger sometime in the affray pulled out a knife and gave "Shorty" a couple dashes about the head and neck, and himself had received a severe kick or blow below the eye when Landlord Bausinger separated them and put the stranger out.

"Shorty" threateningly pursued him, after he had departed peacefully, and run him to Hotel Marion where Marshal Buenneke put the stranger under arrest and took him to the city prison. To witnesses of the affray it looked as though one was as deserving of arrest as the other.

Obituary.

Elizabeth Jacoby, nee Worline, was born in the town of Delaware on September 28, 1811. In 1821 the family moved to Richland township, Marion county, O., where they remained until the death of her father, in the autum of 1824, after which she, with her mother, removed to Delaware county.

She was united in marriage to Michael Jacoby, November 1, 1832, which union was blessed with ten children—five sons and five daughters. One son and two daughters preceded her to the better land, and a loving husband, four sons and three daughters remained to mourn their loss.

She was baptized in infancy, and was received into the Evangelical Lutheran church in September, 1832, of which church she remained a member till 1850, when she was received into the M. E. church, in which she lived a faithful, consistent christian life until her death, which occurred on November 10, 1887.

Although Sister Jacoby had lived beyond the three score years and ten, she had not outlived her usefulness until within a very few months of her death. Her physical energy was remarkable, and the suffering and afflicted found in her a faithful friend, ever ready to minister with willing hand and sympathizing heart. Her quiet cheerfulness in her home was like ever present sunshine, keeping the heart young although the body was growing old. But, much as we shall miss her as neighbor, mother, wife, we shall ever be thankful to have enjoyed the privilege of association with so pure a life.

May the consolations of Divine grace sustain her aged companion, and, when this earth's work is finished, may they form an unbroken family in our Father's house above. C.

Chas. Racy Badly Pinched.

Charles Racy, a Huber employe, seems to be an unlucky fellow, and hardly had he recovered from his last mishap until he was badly pinched Wednesday, while working at the company's loading hoist.

Racy was engaged at work on a car of separators, directly between two facing each other on the same car, when a string of Bee Line cars crashed into the one on which he was laboring, and the force of the heavy bump sent the two machines together, catching Racy just at the waist. He was seriously pinched and could not extricate himself until aid was extended, and he was then taken home where it is thought he will recover without having a very serious time of it.

The string of cars was forced by the Bee Line local engine, and were supposed to be going down the house track, but a misthrown switch sent them on the Huber loading track by mistake. A gentleman loading timber misplaced the swich through a misunderstanding of orders.

The Coroners Verdict.

Coroner Britton yielded to the demand for an inquest on the accidental killing of Thomas Breen, in the C., H. V. and T. yards, despite the fact that there was no doubt about the manner of the man's death, and returned a verdict as follows:

"After having examined the body and carefully considered the evidence, I do find that deceased, Thomas Breen, came to his death by being run over by the cars; and that the accident was owing to failure of the C., H. V. and T. R. R., authorities to see that the switch was properly thrown.

"S. H. BRITTON, Coroner."

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 1, 1885.
I have been a great sufferer for years with neuralgia in my head. I tried Surprise Liniment and found it the only thing that would give me instant relief. Am free from neuralgia now, and have been for the past two years. JOHN S. ROWE.

Two Good Farms for Sale.
The undersigned has two good farms for sale, and they are great bargains for somebody. One of fifty acres in Richland township, and one of forty-two acres in Scott township. Inquire of
S. F. ROSENCRANS, Kirkpatrick, O.

MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain, and end, but spreads itself
'Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man
And man—an everlasting mist. —Byron.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

The string that jars
When rudely touched, ungrateful to the sense,
With pleasure feels the master's flying fingers,
Swells into harmony, and charms the hearers.
—Rowe.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

A Marked Change Taking Place in the Taste of the Public—Less Chewing.

Every tobacconist recognizes the great change that is taking place in what may be called in a rather new sense the public taste. Any average tobacconist, whose trade is not chiefly among sailors and truckmen, will tell you he does not sell one-half as much chewing tobacco as he did ten years ago, and not one-third as much as he did twenty years ago. Very likely he will be unable to guess why it is, but he can't deny the fact. I asked one of them about it the other day. He said:

"The change is due to a variety of causes. It is a great deal more apparent here in the east than in the west and south; but it is going on all over the country. One thing is undoubtedly the strength of public opinion that it is an uncleanly habit. It is hard for a man who chews to keep evidences of it from his clothes. That fact makes it inevitable that the habit should go down before the increasing attention to dress, that is a feature of modern life. Then a great many refined and well intentioned persons have waged war against it for years. It was inevitable that some effect should follow their crusade.

"But the principal causes are right here: There is a great deal more dyspepsia and stomach trouble in the country now than there used to be. And no person can chew tobacco who has a weak stomach. James Parton says in his famous pamphlet against rum and tobacco that the stomach will hold out against the weed longer than the lungs. James does not smoke or chew, and therefore he doesn't know. Common experience shows that he is wrong, and doctors support the verdict of common experience. The action of the tobacco juice, which trickles down the chewer's throat, is to paralyze the stomach. It will do that long before smoke will have any perceptible effect upon an ordinary pair of lungs.

"Then the cigarette has done a great deal to put an end to the habit of chewing tobacco The growth of the cigarette practice in this country is, as they say of western towns, 'phenomenal.' The consumption of cigarettes has doubled many times over in the last fifteen years. About seven out of every ten boys who are growing up now smoke cigarettes. And after a boy has smoked cigarettes a few years he not only has no taste for tobacco in any other form, but he has no constitution left to stand chewing tobacco. It is curious how boys will take to cigarettes. I believe it is very largely because of the fuss that is made about them. It has got to be the common opinion that cigarette smoking is the most injurious practice known. That is just why boys adopt it. It makes them an object of awful interest to other boys and to girls. It is soothing to a boy's foolish pride to know that people have marked him out as one who is rushing with frightful temerity to early destruction. Whether that is the cause of it or not, it is perfectly certain that more and more cigarettes are being sold every year and less and less chewing tobacco."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Col. E. B. Dickinson on Reporting.

"Tell me something about the practical work of your profession, colonel."

"There is one very usual blunder that is made by many in regard to our work which perhaps might interest you. That is the idea that if we lose part of a sentence some important word will suggest what comes next. Take a long hand sentence like this, for example: 'I went this morning to see an — friend of — who has — very — and found — much better.' Now, it is easy enough to supply the blanks here by the use of a very little ingenuity. 'An — friend' is undoubtedly 'an old friend;' the next blank is 'mine,' and when we have read the 'and found [him] much better' we make the other blanks tell us 'who has [been] very [sick.]' Well, people say why cannot the same method be used in our reports? Simply because we depend upon our context for the word, instead of on the word for the context. Take our example again. The stenographic character which represents 'this' may also under different circumstances be 'things' or 'thanks' or 'these.' 'Bsns' in stenographic character standing alone is perfectly unintelligible, because it may be business, or absence. Of course we can vocalize, that is, indicate, the vowels of a word, but generally we haven't any time for that. Unusual words, such as 'multiform,' we nearly always vocalize."—New York Times.

Status of the Japanese Player.

The social status of the Japanese player is paradoxical. It is higher than that of his Chinese brother and yet it is not. He is often in trouble, usually deep in debt; despised in private, adored in public. Maidens are taken little to the theatre lest they should love unwisely. Previous to the restoration society was divided into eight classes. Actors, with courtezans and genteel beggars, occupied the seventh, the only class below them being that of the etas—pariahs, social outcasts, who tanned leather, dug graves, killed animals, executed criminals. Even the rough, ignorant wrestlers stood higher in the scale than the most refined comedians —than the most powerful exponents of the tragic art, who at will could stir the soul with joy or sorrow. Wrestlers were admitted on the outskirts of good society, much as Tom Cribb was in the days of our prince regent; comedians never. "Clothed in embroideries, living in plenty —yet a beggar!" was the sad soliloquy of a famous player who, stricken well nigh to death, found himself debarred from claiming the assistance of the court physician.—Murray's Magazine.

The Fault Finders.

Almost every parish has its pious woodpeckers. To these creatures there is nothing in the Lord's Cedar of Lebanon worthy of "note or comment" except its possible spots of decay. No faith in the solid roots; no delight in the spreading branches; no comfort under the sheltering leaves; no sweetmeats, no satisfaction anywhere where there is not a dainty grub beneath! Over any such spot, however unnoticeable or unimportant, they will make more ado than all the other fowls in the branches thereof. From all such "the Lord deliver us."—Chicago Living Church.

GATHERING THE NEWS.

ACQUAINTANCE IS THE NEWSPAPER MAN'S STOCK IN TRADE

Getting News Is Like Buying Goods—Certain Persons Who Seem to Be News Reservoirs—Never Violate Confidence—A "District Man"

I was made aware at the beginning of my six years' experience as a "district man" that acquaintance is the stock in trade of a newspaper man. I found that the next step was to make friends of acquaintances, and then to retain their friendship. This, in connection with a faculty of transferring thoughts to paper, making them readable and acceptable, and having no scruples against hard work and plenty of it, which the district man can find without advertising for it, makes up the elements to insure success in covering a district, or, in fact, to insure success in any branch of newspaper work. It has been my purpose to become known to every man of note or prominence, all politicians, all officials, in fact, to every one in the various towns I "cover" whose acquaintance may be of almost inestimable worth. It is not enough to cultivate the acquaintance of those representing the sterner sex. I find it fully as essential, and certainly not less agreeable, to be on cordial terms with femininity, and to many a female acquaintance am I indebted for information that has resulted in columns of acceptable matter. In my list of acquaintances throughout my district are, it is safe to say, thousands, among them representatives of every branch of the territory's society.

SOMETHING LIKE SHOPPING

Getting news is not unlike buying goods. You go to certain stores for certain articles, so I go to certain individuals for certain kinds of information. As a result of the making up of my acquaintance list I know just whom to call upon personally, by telephone or otherwise, in any town in the district to enlighten me upon any subject that may be of public interest. The quality or class of news desired is the key to the persons to whom such news would probably be known, and of whom inquiry should be made. There are certain persons who seem to be news reservoirs. Here it may be a hackman, there a barber, in another town a hotel clerk, elsewhere a trader, but in every town there is some one person who knows all that is astir, and it is as much a part of the business of the "district man" to look up that person and then cultivate his acquaintance as it is for him to begin Tuesday to look forward with delight to the arrival of his check Saturday.

The same general principles hold in the rural districts that are recognized in the city as prerequisites for news gathering. Never violate confidence and jump into print with a story before your informer is ready to say "let 'er go." That has been with me an inflexible rule. On a district where official information is likely to come from those met daily year in and year out, one violation under such circumstances is more than likely to ruin all future chances of trust in that quarter. The rule laid down is not adopted as a matter of expediency, but as one of honor, and I have found that after having gained that confidence honor hath its own reward.

Having traveled over some portion of my district daily for six years, I have formed the acquaintance of railroad and express men, regular patrons of the several railroads mentioned, telegraph and telephone operators, all of whom know my calling, and it is a very common occurrence for some one of them to volunteer information. It is often the case that some friend telegraphs me of an important event, and the receipt of telephone messages that serve me a good purpose is of almost daily occurrence.

MUST BE A "HUSTLER"

By no means do I wish to convey the idea that a "district man's" friends are so numerous and obliging that he can sit around and have his news served up to him hot without any exertion on his part. Quite the contrary. From the nature of the case and the duties that devolve upon him, he must be considerable of a "hustler." He must be his own exchange editor and look carefully after the local papers on his district in order to know what is fermenting in his multitude of towns; he is "on call" twenty four hours a day, and his only regular assignment is "to keep his district covered." In short he is expected to let nothing important escape his attention and to be first every time in the race for news. The manifestations of friendliness and consideration to which I have referred form a goodly portion of the means by which information is obtained.

It would be well nigh impossible for one individual to "cover" such an extent of territory as I am supposed to take care of, and do it thoroughly, were it not for the voluntary offering of friends, who can justly claim credit for a part of whatever success I may have gained. Then, again, I find that the average drummer is a store house of information, that he hears of much that is going on of which the public is not aware, and he is a very handy factor to consider when making up an inventory of my stock in trade.

To sum up briefly, then, what makes district work successful: A wide circle of friends, and, when you wish to reach them quickly and cannot see them personally, a telephone line in prime working order, those friends fully understanding that no responsibility will be thrown upon them for acting as informants.—Frank H Pope in The Writer

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New Series of Postage Stamps

The new series of postage stamps soon to be issued will vary very little from the designs now in use. The vignettes will not be changed at all and the portraits on the new stamps will be identical with those now in use. The chief object of the change will be to make the new series of adhesive stamps conform to those embossed upon the envelopes now used from the department. To this end there will be several changes in the colors employed. The most noticeable of those will be the two cent stamp. This is now brown. In the new series it will be of uniform green.—Chicago Times

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The Smell of Paper Money

In speaking of a recent defalcation at the Troy postoffice a gentleman said: "It is never safe to inclose an old bill in an envelope to be sent by mail." "Why?" said he. "Men who are experts can tell whether a letter contains money or not simply by the sense of smell. If you will notice an old greenback it has a peculiar smell about it that can readily be perceived even if it be inclosed within a letter. It is better to send a registered letter or a postal note, or, if you inclose a bill be sure it is a new one. That will not smell."—Albany Journal

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Tobacco is being extensively cultivated in Washington territory.

GRANDPA'S BARN

Oh a jolly [illegible] grandpa's barn
Where [illegible]
And the [illegible] fly merrily [illegible]
And the [illegible] with frolic and play

Where the [illegible] slippery floor
And the [illegible] by the big [illegible]
And the swallows [illegible] water,
And the breeze [illegible] merry sound

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Annals

LINCOLN'S TENDER CONSCIENCE

A Branch of Legal Practice Which He Never Tried to Learn—An Incident

Although Mr Lincoln was my senior by eighteen years in one important particular, I certainly was in a marvelous degree his acknowledged superior. One of the first things I learned after getting fairly under way as a lawyer was to charge well for legal services—a branch of the practice that Mr Lincoln never could learn. In fact the lawyers of the circuit often complained that his fees were not at all commensurate with the service rendered. He at length left that branch of the business wholly to me, and to my tender mercy clients were turned over to be slaughtered according to my popular and more advanced ideas of the dignity of our profession. This soon led to serious and shocking embarrassment.

Early in our practice a gentleman named Scott placed in my hands a case of some importance. He had a demented sister who possessed property to the amount of $10,000 mostly in cash. A conservator, as he was called, had been appointed to take charge of the estate, and we were employed to resist a motion to remove the conservator. A designing adventurer had become acquainted with the girl, knowing that she had money, and sought to marry her—hence the motion. Scott, the brother and conservator, before we entered upon the case insisted that I should fix the amount of the fee. I told him that it would be $250 a thing, however that he had better wait; it might not give us much trouble and in that event a lesser amount would do. He agreed at once to pay $250 as he expected a hard contest over the motion. The case was tried inside of twenty minutes. Our success was complete. Scott was satisfied and cheerfully paid over the money inside the bar, Mr Lincoln looking on. Scott then went out and Mr Lincoln asked: "What did you charge that man?" I told him $250.

Said he: "Lamon, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum. Give him back at least half of it."

I protested that the fee was fixed in advance, that Scott was perfectly satisfied and had so expressed himself.

"That may be," retorted Lincoln with a look of distress and of undisguised displeasure, "but I am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go call him back and return half the money at least, or I will not receive one cent of it for my share."

I did go, and Scott was astonished when I handed back half the fee. This conversation had attracted the attention of the lawyers and the court. Judge David Davis, then on our circuit bench, called Mr Lincoln to him. The judge never could whisper, but in this instance he probably did his best. At all events in attempting to whisper to Mr Lincoln he trumpeted his rebuke in about these words and in rasping tones that could be heard all over the court room: "Lincoln, I have been watching you and Lamon. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the lawyers have reason to complain of you. You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey!"

Judge O L Davis, the leading lawyer in that part of the state, promptly applauded this malediction from the bench, but Mr Lincoln was immovable. "That money," said he, "comes out of the pocket of a poor demented girl, and I would rather starve than to swindle her in this manner."

That evening the lawyers got together and tried Mr Lincoln before a mock tribunal called "The Ogmathorial Court." He was found guilty and fined for his awful crime against the pockets of his brethren of the bar. The fine he paid with great good humor, and then he kept the crowd of lawyers in uproarious laughter until after midnight. He persisted in his revolt, however, declaring that with his consent his firm should never during its life or after its dissolution deserve the reputation enjoyed by those shining lights of the profession, "Catchem and Cheatem."—Ward Lamon's Letter

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Charles Reade's Only Ballad

Once in 1873 it occurred to him to try his own hand at versification. He was at Liverpool superintending the production of his theatrical adaptation of "The Wandering Heir." He had an idea that a popular ballad, modeled upon those which are hawked about the streets and embodying the leading incidents of his play, would serve well as an advertisement, and he set himself to the task of producing one with an earnestness which no person unacquainted with him could have believed to be sincere.

For several days it occupied the [illegible] part of his attention, and his delight in the work was like that of a child. "I never attempted anything of the sort before," he said, "but [illegible] I think I have a knack at it." [illegible] and he would read it down [illegible] of them [illegible] rhyme that ever were put [illegible]. He actually thought it was equal to [illegible] its way and was as proud of it when finished and printed as of the finest chapter he had written. It seems almost incredible that the author of [illegible] and the [illegible] should [illegible] notion into his mind, but it is a greater marvel that none of his intimate companions saw anything [illegible] in the proceeding.—Atlantic Monthly

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Water as a Medicine

Ordinary drinking water if taken in large quantities acts as a [illegible] diuretic and also increases the [illegible] [illegible] the temperature of the [illegible]. Taken in the quantity of [illegible] quart at a time the diluent effect of water is often sufficient to eliminate an excess of [illegible] from the [illegible] after [illegible] much wine. [illegible] water [illegible] [illegible].

In [illegible] result [illegible] water [illegible] [illegible] Water thus taken will prevent any considerable loss of weight, but it [illegible] will do anything more. With the addition of some moderate stimulant, however, it has often a decidedly fattening effect.—Harper's Magazine

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Muskrats Along the Canals

For [illegible] miles the bank behind the towpath is high and compactly built, with willows thickly planted, a veritable bulwark against the Delaware, which sweeps along a short distance away. In the spring the river comes up to the very brims and is a constant source of danger. At such times the path walker is on duty day and night plugging the smallest holes with sod, filling in where the rain has started a gully, and building the bank higher where it has washed away. In ordinary times each walker has a stretch of fourteen miles to watch. He walks down the towpath one day and back on the heelpath the next with a shovel or pick to make repairs, or armed with a scythe to trim the briers, vines and elders. His worst enemy is the muskrat, whose holes running far into the bank may at any moment make an outlet and become a dangerous break. Against these ravages the company supply a special guardian in the person of the ratter. The whole length of the canal is divided up among several men who make it their business to trap muskrats all the year round. They use an ordinary steel trap without teeth, which they [illegible] near as possible in the path of the [illegible] entrance or regularly [illegible] rat hole. The men are paid wages [illegible] a day, and the noses and tails are received [illegible] by the company at fifteen cents [illegible] month. The pelts belong to the ratter and are cured by him to be sold later at an average of about eighteen cents each. Any rat trapped within a mile of the canal is a legitimate catch, and a day's work [illegible] from ten to fifteen.

"What harm can a rat do a mile away?" asked Scraps.

"He may come over here any fine morning, and if he don't his children will. You can't count on a rat till he is skinned. I have been trapping them thirteen years and I don't know all their ways yet. Sometimes they are too cunning to go within ten feet of a man's track, and other times they will walk into a bag and lie down."—Snubbin' Through Jersey in The Century

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Salaries not Allowed

William Gill, the stage manager, has had a varied experience, and the other evening told some friends a story which is rather amusing. In the early 70s, when the Black Hills excitement arose, Mr Gill landed in San Francisco from Australia, where he had been playing, and in a short time was getting along toward the bottom of his pocket. Rumors of the boundless wealth to be had almost for the asking in the Black Hills were flying thick and fast, and thither Gill concluded to go. His remaining money carried him a little way, but there were 300 miles of wild country yet to cross. Gill was plucky and bound to reach the Hills, and he tramped every foot of the way through a region alive with hostile Indians and where a white man's face was a rarity. He pulled through safely, and one day entered one of the new towns which had sprung up in the Hills country without a copper in his pockets and faint from hunger. There was a variety theatre, of course, and into the manager's office he walked and asked for work.

The manager was a tough of the toughs, who talked through his teeth and was as spry with his fists as with his pistol.

"What can you do?" he snarled.

"Anything," answered Gill.

"All right. I'll give you $25 a week, and you can go on to night."

Gill worked faithfully for a week and then walked up for his salary.

"Here it is," said the manager, "and I don't want you no longer."

"What's the matter? Isn't my business all right? Don't I earn my salary?"

"All right? Why of course it is. You're a daisy. But I have to pay you your salary. I ain't going to pay no salaries in this shanty. All the other ducks what works for me owes me more at the end of the week than I owes them. That's the way I get even. You'll have to skip."

And Gill had to seek another engagement elsewhere.

A Mirage on the Mojave Desert

"I have the worst time in the world convincing my people of the real facts about mirages on the Colorado desert," said Conductor Tom Williamson of the Atlantic and Pacific road to a reporter.

"Twenty miles out from Mojave, on my run and all across the desert every morning just after sunrise, you see everything. You'd think you were right on the bank of a river, but you never get to it. Then again you see a magnificent lake, the color of an emerald—no go, no lake, can't get to it. And bless my stars, though I run over that road every day, and see those scenes over and over again, I can't bring myself to believe I don't see water. Well, if it's difficult for me, how much more difficult is it for the passengers?

"Between my own superstitions about these things, if you may call them such, the questions of a fresh gust of passengers every day, and my regular duties, you may be sure I have enough to do.

"I have heard of ghosts hovering around and bothering railroad trains. I never saw any ghosts—that is, none of those things dressed in white—but I'll tell you what I did see once. It was two weeks ago last Monday morning. The train was just as we were crawling out of Fenner, which is a station 200 miles east of Mojave. It topped as glorious a lake as I ever saw, all in an effulgent glow. Upon that lake, moving to and fro in boats, was a myriad of people. Gliding hither and thither, the scene reminded me of the realization of a strange mythological tale. It appeared to me as though there were a thousand people on that lake, big and little, old and young, male and female.

"It was as if the whole thing was in pantomime, and then all at once the thing, or whatever it was, disappeared. I was scared. Upon my word I was. I have a sort of notion that I'll get a new route. The hobgoblins on these mirages are a nuisance."—San Francisco Examiner

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A Story of Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln was on one occasion trying a case in Sangamon county. His opponent was a very able lawyer, who made such a convincing speech to the jury that Mr Lincoln saw that it had produced an impression. The gentleman was not only precise in his oratory but in his dress, and Mr Lincoln saw [illegible] fault. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Old Abe when he rose to speak, "the gentleman who has just spoken has made a strong argument. He has quoted the law and evidence, and it is not for me to say that he is wrong. He may be correct in all he has said. But I want you to take a good look at him. Look especially at the upper half, and then, gentlemen, tell me if any man who comes before you with his shirt collar buttoned wrong [illegible] with the points sticking away out behind him [illegible] may not be altogether mistaken in all his arguments." The plan was successful. Mr Lincoln had broken the spell which the eloquence of his opponent had thrown over the jury.—Ben Perley Poore

SOCIAL CUTTHROATS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A COTERIE OF NEW YORK MASHERS

Well Dressed Destroyers Who Keep Quiet About Their Villainy—The Masher with the White Lock—Daily Round of a Skillful Operator

"He belongs to a curious set of New York men," said the judge. "They are creatures of a recent growth, and I doubt very much if similar specimens of the genus man can be found anywhere else in the world. They are called 'mashers' in a general way, but they are in no sense like the gorgeous London man who has given the word 'masher' its highest meaning. The British 'masher' is a creature of noble apparel, solemn and dissipated air, advanced degrees in the courts of bankruptcy and general impressiveness. He wears a great many suits of clothes during the week, affects a burlesque actress and drives dashing traps. The little circle of mashers in New York has none of these proclivities. They are men who have lived on the surface of the town for many years, whose names are familiar in all of the restaurants and clubs, and who have gained in one way or another reputations as slayers of feminine hearts which stand them in enormous value. They are not in society, sneer at the idea of toil, live in the best possible manner, dress quietly and are absolutely mum about the numerous affairs in which they pass their lives. I know a dozen men in this particular crowd, but I never knew one of them to break the rules of the peculiar freemasonry which apparently exists among them to keep quiet about their escapades. This is the most curious feature of the whole thing. A masher who does not 'tell' when success has crowned his efforts would be a rarity anywhere else except in this extraordinary coterie. They are a queer lot, and I can't say that I consider them a credit to the city."

It affords a droll study of human nature to watch the operations of the mashers. Most of their faces are as familiar to up town people as the Fifth Avenue hotel. Their mode of life is simple. Take, for instance, a cold and austere man with a blonde mustache, a regular profile, square shoulders and careless carriage, who has been more or less famous about town for fifteen years. He has a scar running diagonally across his forehead, and just above it is a single lock or "splash" of hair that is as white as snow, though the rest of his hair is dark. I have heard it enviably remarked by other mashers that this gentleman's chief success is due to the immobility of his face, the yellowness of his mustache, the whiteness of the splash and the dark mass of hair which throws it into such sharp relief. He is, in fact, known as "His Contrasts" in some quarters. Fifteen years ago a woman followed him in a cab down Fifth avenue, slipped out as he ascended the steps of a rival's house, ran up the steps, and pushing a revolver against his head, blazed away. The bullet, instead of going through the skull, ran across the forehead. She went to Europe in the arms of her amiable husband, and "His Contrasts" retired into painful obscurity for a time. Five years after that he was mixed up in a row which is still talked about by old timers. It was a three cornered fight—one woman and two men—in the cabin of a yacht in the lower bay. When they dragged "His Contrasts" out he was pretty well knocked to pieces. Two ribs were broken, and his general physical welfare very sensibly impaired, but he came up smiling as usual. I have known him for many years. He has but one object in life.

His manner of living varies little from day to day. I have had many opportunities for observing him, as we once had neighboring apartments in the same hotel, and he used to amuse himself when he had an occasional half hour of leisure from his arduous duties by turning the pictures in my room wrong side foremost, bribing the chambermaid to sew the hangings into all sorts of grotesque positions, littering my desk with violent telegrams and indulging in various other cheerful and endearing pranks. At 10 o'clock every morning the chambermaid pounded loudly at his door.

If the tattoo was loud enough the door would open suddenly, there would be a wild scream and a pattering of feet as the chambermaid scudded out of danger, and the masher would rush out into the hall clad in pajamas, bath robes, nightcap, felt slippers and carrying a sponge the size of a bushel basket. He would then wander in a more or less desultory way toward the bathroom, stopping to pound on doors that caught his lightsome fancy, and shying boots through the transoms of rooms where men lived who had the distinguished misfortune to possess his friendship.

About an hour and a half later he would wander into the main dining room of the hotel, cast his experienced eye over the people assembled there and eat a very light breakfast. He wore a frock suit all day long, and his tailor made half a dozen a year for him. After breakfast he invariably lighted a big cigar, and, if the weather was clear, strolled up Fifth avenue as far as Central park, and smiled amiably upon the troops of pretty girls who were out with their governesses, nurses, companions, and chaperones, taking the morning air. Every girl over 10 years of age apparently knew his history, for they would stare at him and peep over their shoulders as he passed, in a fashion that would startle a society actor. At half past 1 or 2 o'clock he drifted slowly into Delmonico's, scanned the faces, acknowledged the surly nods of other mashers with a short inclination of his head, picked out his table with undeviating skill, and spent the next two or three hours among the wives and daughters of other men who were down town pursuing the elusive dollar. His habit is to eat slowly and look, with a gentle and melancholy air, from one pair of pretty eyes to another.

If the portraits of the handful of men who are a constant subject of talk among the women of New York were published they would cause a robust and decisive sort of derision. The majority of them are anything but resplendent or attractive. If there is a professional matinee, a picture sale, an art exhibition, a boat race, a crack horse auction, dog show, horse show or circus going on in the afternoon the mashers are as sure to be there as the ticket seller. At night he dines at the Brunswick, Delmonico's or the Hoffman House, but never in the cafe. In this way day after day passes without the slightest deviation. The mashers all know each other; they frequent the same places; they are popular with men and pursued by women, and yet the occasions are exceedingly rare when they are called to account. They are adroit and hold their tongues, and perhaps it is therein that their safeguard lies.—New York Sun

'H H'S' GRAVE

God fo[illegible] that [illegible] who knew him face to face
[illegible] a grave apart, a tomb unknown
Where [illegible] tears and only winds make moan
And white archangels guard the narrow stair
God gives to his beloved sleep the place
Where his [illegible] slept [illegible] for rest
After the forty years of desert quest
His Sinai terrors and the Pisgah trance
So clear eyed priestess sleep remembering not
Thy fervent [illegible] life nor troubled stars
[illegible] sun kissed flowery [illegible]
God shields with [illegible] his followed hand the spot
Where [illegible] peace rebukes unquiet [illegible]
[illegible] sleepeth well who hath wrought [illegible]
[illegible] deeds
—M Virginia Donaghe in The Century

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

Private Notes and Memoranda—The Speech Not Received with Favor

A day or two before the dedication of the National cemetery at Gettysburg Mr Lincoln told me that he would be expected to make a speech on the occasion; that he was extremely busy, with no time for preparation, and that he greatly feared he would not be able to acquit himself with credit, much less to fill the measure of public expectation. From his hat (the usual receptacle of his private notes and memoranda) he drew a page of foolscap closely written, which he read me, first remarking that it was a memorandum of what he had intended to say. It proved to be in substance, and I think he[illegible], what was printed as his Gettysburg speech.

After its delivery he expressed deep regret that he had not prepared it with greater care. He said to me on the stand immediately after concluding the speech: "Lamon, that speech won't scour! It is a flat failure, and the people are disappointed." He seemed more than ordinarily concerned about what the people would think of it. I was deeply impressed by his frank and regretful condemnation of the effort, and especially by his manner of expressing that regret, and my own impression was deepened by the fact that the orator of the day, Mr Everett, and Mr Seward both coincided with Mr Lincoln in his unfavorable view of its merits.

On the platform from which Mr Lincoln had made his address, and only a moment after its conclusion, Mr Seward turned to Mr Everett and asked him what he thought of the president's speech. Mr Everett replied: "It was not what I expected from him. I am disappointed." In his turn Mr Everett asked: "What do you think of it, Mr Seward?" The response was: "He has made a failure, and I am sorry for it. His speech is not equal to him." Mr Seward then turned to me and asked: "Mr Marshal, what do you think of it?" I answered: "I am sorry to say that it does not impress me as one of his great speeches."

In the face of these facts it has been repeatedly published that this speech was received with great eclat by the audience; that "amid the tears, sobs and cheers it produced in the excited throng, the orator of the day, Mr Everett, turned impulsively to Mr Lincoln, grasped his hand and exclaimed: 'I congratulate you on your success!' adding in a transport of heated enthusiasm: 'Ah! Mr President, how gladly would I give my hundred pages to be the author of your twenty lines!'"

All this unworthy gush, it is needless to say, is purely apocryphal. Nothing of the kind occurred. As a matter of fact Mr Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech fell on the vast audience like a wet blanket. At that time his reputation was confessedly on the wane. The politicians of the country—those of his own party, together with a large part of the press—were casting about for an available candidate to be his successor, while a great majority of the people were for him. I state it as a fact, and without fear of contradiction, that this famous Gettysburg speech was not received or commented upon with anything like hearty favor by the people, the politicians or the press of the United States until after the death of its author. Its marvelous perfection, its intrinsic excellence as a master piece of English composition, seem to have escaped the scrutiny of the most scholarly critics and the wisest heads of the day, on this side of the Atlantic. That discovery was made, we must regretfully own, by distinguished writers on the other side. The London Spectator, The Saturday Review, the Edinburgh Review and other European journals were the first to discover, or at least to proclaim, the classical merits of the Gettysburg speech. It was then that we began to realize that it was indeed a masterpiece, and it then dawned upon many minds that we had entertained an angel unawares who had left us unappreciated.—Ward H Lamon's Letter

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A Miserly Man's Luck

Proverbially considered, the statement that it never rains but it pours and that water runs to the sea express different phases of the same truth, and this particularly irrational, inexplicable truth fate spends her time in demonstrating. For instance, take two things that have happened to one rich, solitary old man in this town within two weeks. His name is well known, though his enormous fortune is not generally estimated at its true proportions; he does not live like a rich man—is a bit of a miser, in fact—but, as numbers of people know, is the possessor of numerous millions. He works hard, as his work is the only thing he takes an interest in, and his only recreation, taken at the doctor's orders, is horse back riding in the park.

To strangers he likes to put up a poor mouth for one thing, for the simple pleasure of seeing them fooled, and he recently told a business acquaintance that he was too poor to have a good horse. The business acquaintance was a rich Kentuckian, not rich as compared to the other, but rich for Kentucky. Touched by the old man's bad mount, a thing that seemed more tragic to him than it would to any but a Kentuckian, he presented him with a superb saddle horse, a son of Golddust, perfectly trained and worth a small fortune. A week later an old Californian whom the old sinner had not thought of in twenty years, but whom he had known in his youth, and who had grown a misanthropical with old age and hated everybody around him, dies and leaves said O S another enormous fortune. What is to be said for a world where such things be?—New York Graphic

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Primitive and Independent

Perhaps one of the most primitive of independent kingdoms is the little island of Johanna in the Comoro group. The sultan boards any ship that may call there and endeavors to secure the washing for his wives, while the prime minister peddles cocoanuts and bananas.—Chicago Herald

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[illegible] Did It

It [illegible] to be [illegible] the dignity of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] practice [illegible] has been [illegible] [illegible] American girls' purses have done it.

OUR STANDING ARMY.

LIFE AT THE VARIOUS FORTS AND MILITARY STATIONS

How the Common Soldier Is Employed in Time of Peace—From Reveille to Taps—Guard Duty—Discipline—Soldiers at School

A detailed description of the duties of soldiers even in peace times would require too much time and space, but a general idea of the daily routine will correct the erroneous impression so generally entertained that a soldier's life is one of idleness. Reveille is sounded at or near sunrise, the exact time varying somewhat at different posts. At the first note the garrison flag is hoisted. All soldiers on duty must turn out in ranks at this and other roll calls. Drill for an hour or more follows soon after, at a time fixed by the commanding officer. The ceremony of guard mounting takes place at 9 o'clock; fatigue call comes next in order (the sick call which intervenes not being, of course, a call for duty), when such men consisting of the old guard and others designated in turn perform the necessary fatigue and police duty of the post. At 11 o'clock first sergeants' call is sounded, when those functionaries report to the adjutant's office for the perfecting of the rolls of the sergeant major, thus enabling him to keep his roster correctly and also to receive such information and instructions as may be necessary concerning their troops, batteries or companies.

Dinner is at noon. At an hour designated by the post commander afternoon drill call is sounded, when the troops exercise in such maneuvers as are prescribed. Dress parade usually takes place just before sunset and is so timed that retreat is sounded just after the troop beats off during that ceremony. The flag is lowered at the last note of retreat. Supper soon follows dress parade. Tattoo roll call is at 9 o'clock and taps or lights out a half an hour later. While attendance at religious ceremonies is not compulsory in the army, many of the men attend divine service at those posts, of which there are thirty four, that have chaplains, and more observance is given to the day than was the case in former years.

GUARD DUTY

Men are detailed for guard duty with such frequency as the strength of the force at the post where they are stationed renders necessary. There are three reliefs of a prescribed number of men, with one corporal to each relief and one sergeant of the guard. Two hours on one post and four hours off during the tour of twenty four hours is the unvarying routine. Each sentinel is instructed by the officer of the guard, who is a lieutenant, under the authority of the officer of the day, to take charge of this post and all government property in view, salute all officers according to rank, in case of fire alarm the guard and such other orders as are deemed necessary are given. The order is given to the sentry on No 1 to turn out the guard for all general officers, the commanding officer, the officer of the day and for all armed parties." Any breach of discipline while on guard is an aggravation of the offense, and it behooves the soldier to keep his wits about him and to attend strictly to duty during his turn. Guard duty is, like the reading of the [illegible] [illegible].

Our military posts are in many instances isolated communities in themselves, and in many respects as different from civilian settlements or villages as can well be imagined. There are post schools at which enlisted soldiers can, if so disposed, pick up a common school education during their term of enlistment. The subject of general education in the army has been exhaustively discussed of late, and so accomplished an officer as Brevet Maj Gen James B Fry is on record as of the opinion that enlisted men should not be compelled against their wills to attend post schools.

SCHOOL HOURS

School hours for soldiers are from half an hour after retreat until tattoo roll call. The post [illegible] is [illegible] not at present kept [illegible] [illegible] of excellence intended by the provisions of the law, and at many posts the letter of the law alone is observed.

The men of the army have various amusements which however vary very much at different posts. Amateur theatricals and minstrel performances are of frequent occurrence at some during the winter months. The post and the company libraries are sources of comfort to soldiers, and gymnastic exercises, field sports and athletic games serve to amuse them. Marksmanship may be said to have begun with the advent of the foreign team that came here fifteen years ago. Such development of sharp shooting as followed has rarely been known until now. Marksmen and sharpshooters predominate in the ranks of the army. The practical life of a soldier and his technical studies necessary to a thorough knowledge of his duties are far greater and more exhaustive than is generally understood. The citizen soldier has little idea of these things as a rule, and the civilian with rare exceptions none at all. How many can tell the thickness of ice necessary to bear cavalry, artillery or infantry? How many know of what a soldier's ration consist, and [illegible] and one other things as pertinent as these in times of active service?—New York Times

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How to Be Graceful

A school girl loses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school morning and afternoon without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which in a few years she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit once begun grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school girls cannot walk with ease and grace.

We see this very plainly on commencement day, when the members of the graduating class are obliged to walk a few steps before the audience. Their dresses are often too costly and [illegible] their hair is beautifully arranged, their faces are [illegible] with [illegible] only lacking [illegible].

A girl who would have [illegible] carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a household mixed with diligence and carefulness.—Youth's Companion

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China's Emperor at Leisure

In conformity with the usage followed by the emperors of successive dynasties his majesty the emperor is taking advantage of the present time of comparative leisure to practice archery.—China Letter

A Ring on a Swollen Finger.

"Will you please saw this ring off my finger?"

It was an old woman who made this request of a Broadway jeweler, and as the worker in gold and silver took the wrinkled though fat and shapely hand in his it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the old lady, "but it is my wedding ring. I have never had it off since I was married—forty five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweler.

"But can you?" said she, looking up in a half credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger and wound it round from the top downwards in a length of flat rubber braid. The elastic cord exerted its force upon the tissues of the finger gently and gradually until the flesh seemed to be pushed down almost to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. Then the bandage was quickly uncorded and rewound about the member. This was repeated three times and finally it was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit of the ring's being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweler, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh yes. I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut. One dollar. Thank you!" And as he turned to his bench and the old woman left the store he added: "But after all she might have done the same thing herself. It's not the work, however, I charge for, it's the 'know how.'"—New York Mail and Express

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Joke on a General

Apropos of Gen Faidherbe, an amusing anecdote is related of an adventure which befell him when he commanded the Army of the North in the war of 1870. His charger, a splendid gray Arab, had been wounded at the battle of Pont Noyelles, and the general was obliged to leave it behind him at a farm. Some days after, as Gen Faidherbe was at lunch, a non commissioned officer of the Prussian army came up with a French dragoon and a horse which Gen Von Goben had sent him with a polite message, believing it to be his property. The horse was a miserable animal, and Gen Faidherbe, amazed at the apparition, asked the dragoon for an explanation. The man related that he had been taken prisoner with three comrades by a patrol of German cavalry two days before, and that he had hit on the bright idea of representing himself as the orderly and his horse as the favorite charger of Gen Faidherbe. The German officers had communicated his statement to Gen Von Goben, who had courteously returned the animal to the French general. Gen Faidherbe, however, asked the German soldier to take the dragoon and the horse back with him, and the man had to return crestfallen at the failure of his ruse. Gen Von Goben as soon as he learnt the truth, directed that diligent search should be made for the Arab, but it had been so carefully hidden away that he never succeeded in restoring it to his adversary.—Chicago Times

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The Average Country Journalist

Every now and again I see in the city papers sneers at the country papers and jokes at the expense of rural editors. It may be that my experience has been peculiarly fortunate, but I have found that the average country journalist with whom I have come into contact has more brains, more straight out, square toed ability, more pride and interest in his profession, and more money, than his city brother. It is the graduates from the country offices who make the best men in metropolitan journalism.

I read of the country editor who takes his pay in squashes and cord wood, but I see the country editor who pays me in checks on his local bank, checks which are always good. I read of the poverty stricken rural newspaper man, but in my experience, and I have met a good many of them, the rural journalist is apt to own a share in the paper he edits, the house he lives in, a horse and buggy, while the metropolitan writer who invents the highly humorous paragraphs concerning his country brother too often owes for the coat on his back. And finally, a good country editor is a king pin in his locality. He is looked up to and respected as a leader of public opinion, a man who knows what is going on in the world. I can't imagine a more enviable position than that of the owner and editor of a good country paper. Compared to the grind of a city daily, the work is light and the rewards are proportionately greater.—The Journalist

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The Old Clown's Days Are Over

Col W C Crum, the advance agent of Forepaugh's circus, says: "The day of the clowns is nearly over. Formerly they were half the show, but now they attract but little attention. The enlargement of the shows is the chief cause. The big shows now have two or three rings, and the circle of seats is so far off that the people cannot hear the jokes of the clowns. In the old days an average clown received from $100 to $200 a week. Dan Rice, who was considered the greatest of them all, was paid $1,000 a week, which was the highest salary a clown ever received. He was a bright, ambitious young fellow, possessed of much originality, and he reached the top notch of his profession. Once an educated young Englishman, a graduate of Oxford university, who possessed excellent comic talents, was brought over to this country, and he was paid $500 a week. At the present day the pay of the clowns ranges from $20 to $50 a week."—Courier Journal

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The Non payment of Rent.

In the reports of the health of towns commissioners it is continually pointed out that sickness is the chief cause of the non payment of rent. One witness says: "Three out of five of the losses of rent that I now have are losses from the sickness of the tenants who are working men. Rent is the best got from healthy houses." Another says: "Sickness at all forms an excuse for the poorer part not paying their rent, and a reasonable excuse," so that filth causes sickness, sickness inability to work, inability to work poverty and non payment of rent, to say nothing of starvation.—Science Book Review

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Hard and Soft Water

The importance of soft water for domestic purposes is illustrated by the experience of a large London asylum, in which a change from hard to soft water has resulted in an estimated annual saving in soda, soap, labor, etc, of more than $4,000.—Arkansaw Traveler

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LOCAL NEWS.

—D. W. Gibbs, of Findlay, was in the city Wednesday.

—We learn that a new buggy factory will be built near City Hall soon.

—Mrs. Watt Watkins and Mrs Maggie Patten have gone to Chicago to make a short visit.

—Mr. and Mrs. B. Tristram were spending Thanksgiving at the Girls' Industrial Home, Delaware.

—C. E. Warner, of Medina, O., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Warner, on Mt. Vernon avenue.

—Miss Ida McMurray, the well known saleslady at Frash's, is down sick with an attack of pneumonia.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Johnson were entertaining a pleasant party of about fifteen relatives and friends Thanksgiving.

—Miss Mary Johnson came up from the O. W. U. at Delaware to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Scofield.

—Bucyrus Critic, Tuesday: H. R. Young, clerk-elect of Marion county and a genial gentleman, was in the city yesterday afternoon, the guest of friends.

—The Bee Line yard engine arrived Thursday. Local conductor W. J. Cotter is yard conductor, as the Bee Line calls their yardmasters in places like this.

—The county offices, excepting the Auditor and Commissioners' office, were closed Thursday. The Commissioners have a ditch hearing and piles of other business.

—Mrs Elizabeth Smith died at the home of Gustave Whetzler, in Richland township, aged 86 years, and the remains were buried in the cemetery near her late home on Thursday.

—Dave Hummer has purchased Wink Harraman's interest in Blackstone, and is now sole owner of that reliable trotting horse. Dave hopes to bring Blackstone down to a 2.20 record.

—George Manderback, business manager of the Nellie Free company, arrived in the city Friday, and is making preparations for the appearance of that charming little lady at Music Hall next week.

—After the sermon at the Thanksgiving service on Thursday a collection was taken up for the benefit of the poor, and the sum of $6.12 was collected and turned over to Mrs. E. Durfee, treasurer of the Relief Association.

—C. R. McCollough, the well known passenger conductor on the C. and A., received a telegram Friday announcing the death of his mother at the family home in New York State. Mac immediately left to attend the funeral.

—Burglars attempted to gain an entrance to the home of Mrs. Emery, on north East street, on Wednesday night, but Tom heard them trying to get in and he swooped down stairs with a whoop that scared them into no less than a half mile run.

—The C., H. V. and T. made its winter change of time last Sunday, so that now the morning train goes south at 8:44 instead of 6.40, and the night train southward is 8:57 instead of 8 32. The morning train northward now goes at 6:37, 17 minutes later than before.

—Ely Brown, a very worthy young gentleman of Cleveland, O., and Miss Ella Lannon, daughter of the faithful policeman were married in this city Thursday evening. The best wishes of the bride's many friends here are for their fullest enjoyment of prosperity and happiness.

—H. F. Snyder has just received the new schedule of rates of the Western Union Telegraph company, and is happy to announce a general reduction of tariff, amounting to nearly an average of 25 per cent. off high rates. For instance, the messages that were formerly $1 are now 75 cents, and 75 cent messages are now 60 cents. This is a very generous move on the part of the Western Union, and one that the people will appreciate.

Probate Court.

Thos. Thompson, administrator of the estate of Phoebe Brady, dec'd, filed 1st and final account.

M. G. Miller, administrator of the estate of John miller Sr., files 3rd and final account.

Elsworth Gray and Catherine M. Wileman licensed to marry.

Adam D. Sherman and Ella B. Shuey licensed to marry.

Robert N. Porterfield and Emma Housewoth licensed to marry.

Dennis Breen appointed administrator of the estate of Thomas P. Breen.

John T. Morehead and Emma E. Bensler licensed to marry.

Wm. W. Beaver and Nettie Cook licensed to marry.

John Scherger and Louisa Schmidt licensed to marry.

Samuel J. Mehaffy and Ollie Harvey licensed to marry.

Edward D. Willie and Mary T. Osburn licensed to marry.

A Square Statement by a Carpenter.

"For years I have had a 'chest' trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I 'saw' how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own 'case.' The results are so 'plane' as hardly to require a 'bitstock' or any anger-ment in favor of this 'grate' remedy. It does 'awl' it claims! It 'builds' up the system, supports and strengthens where others fail." He "adz:" "My recovery, which is now on a sure 'foundation,' 'hinges' entirely on the 'cumpass' of this wonderful Restorative, having tried other remedies without a 'bit' of relief."

The Golden Coast Excursion.

The "Erie's" Pullman Palace Car Excursion, which leaves on Tuesday, December 13th, under the escort of Excursion Manager J. O. Prescott of Buffalo, for all California points, promises to be one of the finest that has ever crossed the Continent.

The accommodations are unequaled, and privileges for side trips and stop over are unusually liberal.

It should be remembered that on January 1st California rates will be advanced $20. Call on any ticket office of the "Erie" or N. Y., P. & O., for circulars giving detailed information.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

How Marionites Spent the Annual Holiday for Expression of Thanks.

Thanksgiving was a wet, gloomy day, but rare as it seems that state of affairs made the people of this vicinity all the more desirous of being thankful, and the day was pretty generally observed as a holiday. The workshops shut down, the banks and public offices closed, and mercantile houses were quite generally closed after noon.

In the forenoon a nice audience attended the Union Thanksgiving service at the M. E. church, and heard a very appropriate discourse by Rev. M. C. Miner. After church turkey was quite generally devoured, many family dinners being given, and everybody having something extra on the dinner table, owing to the occasion.

The afternoon was spent pleasantly among those who celebrated socially, and the evening was spent in entertainment. A music-loving audience was at the Presbyterian church to hear Clarence Eddy, the great pipe organist, and were delighted with the vocal renditions of Miss Alcott. Mr. Eddy is a master of the organ and splendidly entertained the audience. A good sized crowd of young people spent their evening at the rink, gliding on the rollers to the excellent music of the Mechanics' band.

A Grand Excursion to California.

Via the Bee Line, the popular tourist route to the Pacific Coast, Tuesday, Dec. 6th, 1887. Parlor and reclining chair cars to St. Louis and Kansas City without change. Free tourist sleepers from Kansas City to California, Wagner palace cars and Pullman sleepers for all who desire these luxuries. Tourist tickets are good returning for six months, or even longer, if desired, with choice of routes both going and returning. One-way tickets also at low rates. No other line can offer the advantages we alone possess in the way of through cars, quick time and first class accommodations. The tide of emigration is toward California! See that you do not get there too late to miss golden opportunities of making a fortune. Parties having in view emigration to any point in the West are most cordially invited to join with the party. For rates of fare, time tables, and general information, call on or address Ticket Agents of the Bee Line.

Agosta.

Wallace Arnold is visiting his sister, Mrs. Dr. Marshal, of this place. He is from New Mexico.

Chard Cleveland is going to Michigan, where he intends making his future home.

Ben McCulley's family is having a serious time with typhoid fever. There were four of the family down for ten weeks, and they were very bad. They live one and one-half miles north of town.

Andy Ducatt has bought the livery barn in this village. He moved his family here today.

Elmer Graves, of Longville, and Mrs. Cassy Daniels were married last evening at the residence of Joseph Wynn. Mrs. D. was formerly the wife of John Daniels, of State prison fame.

"Dock" Williams is going to Iowa next week to remain all winter. He has been in the employ of Frank Corey.

November 21, 1887. J.

Thanksgiving at Cull's.

The boarders at Cull's Dining Hall were regaled from the following bill of fare for Thanksgiving dinner:

MENU

Mullagatawny.

Roast surloin of beef, brown gravy.

Short ribs of beef, with brown potatoes.

—

Boneless turkey, with jelly.

—

Scolloped oysters.

—

Mashed potatoes. Stewed tomatoes.

Green corn. Boiled cabbage.

—

White bread. Rye bread.

—

Mince pie. Cocoanut pie.

—

Cabinet pudding, brandy sauce.

—

Concord grapes.

—

Coffee. Tea. Milk.

Celestial Star Club.

Thanksgiving eve, the "Celestial Star Club," very pleasantly surprised Mrs. Wm. Boucher, a widow residing near Oak street, who has lived a lonely life for the last eight years, or ever since her husband died. It seemed like her youthful days returned to have so many young folks around her once more.

The ladies of the club prepared a very delicious supper, of which all partook very graciously.

At a reasonable hour the guests repaired to their respective homes well pleased with the evening's entertainment and the hospitalities of their kind hostess.

Among those present from abroad were the Misses Maggie Reily, Dora Theil, and Messrs. Mehling and Yeager of Columbus, Henry Sullivan of Galion and E. Colton of Chicago. ***

Well Attended Dances.

A very elegant and enjoyable dance was the charity ball at Music Hall Wednesday. A large crowd attended, and the splendid management of the affair made it possible for all to participate most happily. The Mechanics' orchestra furnished the music, and about $50 were netted for the benefit of the poor.

The mask ball at the City Hall was also well attended, and, like all the dances given by the "Big Six," it proved a very pleasant affair. The light fantastic was tripped until a very late hour.

Masonic.

The following officers of Marion Council No. 22, R. and S. Masters were installed in office Wednesday evening, Nov. 23, 1887:

Comp. J. R. Harshberger, T. I. M.
" W. L. Clement, D. M.
" P. Dombaugh, Pr. Con. of work.
" H. True, Treas.
" W. H. Eckhart, Rec.
" Julius Strelitz, C. of G.
" G. S. McGuire, Con. of Coun.
" J. B. Fisher, Steward.
" P. Dieterich. Sentinel.

Skin-Success Ointment will thoroughly cure any form of diseased Scalp or Skin. The Skin-Success Soap preserves the Skin pure, soft and clear.

ABOUT THE COUNTY.

NEWS GATHERED UP BY THE STAR'S HUSTLING CORRESPONDENTS

What Our Representatives See and Hear, Making a Complete Report of All That Is Interesting Throughout Marion County.

LaRue.

The Indian doctor is here yet, and his wife, daughter and whole family are also here. Pierce is their name and they claim to be relatives of Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo. He seems to be prescribing for several here, and his daughter "extracts teeth without pain." She has pulled a great many teeth since here, and I have asked some who had teeth pulled if the operation was painful and they usually answered, "It hurts a little." She is called handsome and does appear well, and no doubt some of our young fellows dream about her and that some have called to have teeth extracted just to get to see the lady. Dr. Yarnell was here three days and had a few cases. This is not very flattering for our home talent.

A young Mr. Furgeson died here yesterday after three weeks' illness. He had convalesced, but the family lately moved into a new house, which was but recently plastered and finished, and this was bad for him. He then relapsed with the above result.

Young Mouser is down from Cleveland, where he is attending medical lectures, for Thanksgiving.

J. D. Guthery and lady left yesterday for Chicago, where they will spend Thanksgiving visiting relatives. They expect to meet Jos. Guthery and lady and family there.

T. C. Bonham was defeated for clerk of court of Meade county, Kas., on the Democratic ticket. This was the second election for that county, and the Republican ticket was elected from 17 to 300 majority. T. C. ought to have turned Republican when he moved out there.

Orr Henderson, who moved from here to Michigan more than fifteen years ago and later moved to Kansas, arrived here today. He looks well and feels well, and he informed me that he now owns 220 acres of land in Kansas, which he could sell for $27,000.

Pearl Scranton left here the other day for Arkansas, where he will settle and help to make a Republican State of it.

Dave Clark is about to sell out, and, if he does, he will probably go to Kansas.

I would like to sell two small farms to persons not able to buy large ones, or a large one to some one that is able to buy it.

I hear but little about gas of late. Those little lights on our streets have lost their attraction.

Two or more families of this village intend to move to near Paulding Center.

The M. E. quarterly meeting passed off quietly.

At our election a stranger, who had been here eight days at the hotel and who was accompanied by his wife, went to the polls to vote. He stated that he had been in Ohio for the past year, that he had been in Marion county for thirty days, that he had no settled home, that wherever he happened to be was his home for the present and that he had not come to Marion county for the purpose of making it his home, but only for temporary purposes, and he voted. Question: Had he a right to vote under a proper construction of the law? My opinion is fixed. Will some one who knows answer the foregoing question and oblige "C" and others.

Rev. Crabtree, who is expected to preach at the Baptist church on Sunday, I learn, was the candidate for representative on the Prohibition and Labor tickets this fall. He must be quite a fellow. Come out and see and hear him. Prohibitionists should be present without fail.

November 24, 1887. C.

Clifton Station.

Beautiful snow. (Not original.)

The people are in a bad way for water yet.

The boys have finally got the boxing gloves; look out for young Sullivans.

Rev. Alanson Virden has accepted a call from the Gallipolis district.

David Morris started for Haveland, Kas., Tuesday evening, instead of last week as reported.

Joe Dickason's new house is completed. It is reported that Joe will embark upon the matrimonial sea soon.

The sportsmen in this vicinity are having better luck than at first. Link Morral seems to be the best shot so far. Quails are reported plenty.

The town lots on the north side of the Clifton plat were numbered wrong. Engineer Scott was here Wednesday and put them in right shape.

There was a very merry crowd at the depot Tuesday night, to see David Morris and his estimable wife off to Kansas. Everybody wishes Mr. and Mrs. Morris success in their new Western home.

A regular old fashioned revival commences at Chapel church next week. We hope the minister will stir the thieves up a little. If we can't catch them maybe the preacher can convert 'em.

They are down 1600 feet at Scott Town, and no gas yet. Only 200 feet further and the contract is completed. We still hold out in the belief that Clifton is the exact spot for a gusher.

Mr. Diebold's new ice house and the railroad side track at Hepburn is completed, and it certainly is the largest building of the kind in Central Ohio.

The recent rain was a blessing in more ways than one. It has completely subdued the forest fires which were raging all over the country, especially near the railroads. The loss from these fires has been very heavy to farmers.

Samuel Myers, a nephew of Wm. Bain, of this place, came very near being killed while crossing the Bee Line track at Mt. Victory, on Thursday of last week, by the fast mail train east. Mr. Myers was unwarned of the coming of the train and, on account of the buildings near the crossing, its approach could not be seen. His team had just reached the roadbed, when the engine struck them and killed both of the horses instantly. Mr. Myers jumped from the wagon and thus probably saved his life, he only narrowly escaping. We learn that the engineer said that his whistle was broken and that he had orders to run regardless of it. We also understand that the team, which belonged to Mr. Bain, was appraised at $300 and that the claim has been sent in asking for its payment.

November 23, '87. Joe Spikes.

Claridon—Adelaide.

A protracted meeting was commenced last Tuesday evening at the new M. E. church, by Rev. Ashbaugh.

Truman Bresheres, of Hardin Co., is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Marshal Buenneke, of Marion, dropped in on us the other day, being on his way to Mt. Gilead.

Jake Smith, after a short trip to Chicago and St. Louis, on business, returned Sunday morning last.

August Rider has recently erected a commodious building three miles south of Claridon, to be used for a store and dancing hall.

B. R. Houser returned from Chicago last Sunday, with Prince Imperial. Their show was well patronized. Where he will be taken next we have not learned.

Thanksgiving was well observed, if a wholesale slaughter of turkeys means anything.

Thos. Irey, of St. Elmo, Ill., recently moved to this county expecting to remain.

Rumor has it that another store will be started here soon. Tobacco, cigars and oysters will be the principle attractions.

Grandmother Smith died at the residence of her son, Lewis Whetzel, in Richland township, last Tuesday, and was buried at the family burying ground on Thursday.

There is a few cases of measles southwest of here.

Subscriptions have been circulated to raise money with which to purchase a bell for the new M. E. church. It is thought that the proceeds of a festival or two will, with the amount already subscribed, buy a first-class bell.

H. C. Garvin, having greatly improved in health, is spending this week with Enoch Hock, west of Marion.

November 24, 1887. X.

Waldo.

Mr. B. H. Collins of Bellevue, Huron county, O., is here visiting W. D. Augenstein.

Mr. Stephen Berry of Weaver's Corners, Huron county, O., is here visiting relatives.

Mrs. Rice and son, of Mansfield, O., are here visiting Daniel Augenstein.

Mr. Daniel Augenstein is gathering material on a cite near the old toll gate to build a house for his son Jonh.

Mr. Cap Drake is having his new invention made by Wotring, of Prospect. We anticipate a good business for Mr. Drake if he can get the machine made according to model.

Mrs. Stine, of Illinois, is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. P. H. Kenyon.

The contractors for the new bridges in our village have completed them which we indorse as a credit to the Tommy-Hawk.

Chas. Taylor commenced his school in Brush College last Monday.

Mrs. Lucy Slawson is visiting her son in Eden, at present.

We once more record the event of a marriage in our midst and our best regards may go with them. Newton Porterfield and Emma Housworth both of this place last Saturday evening.

Mr. Jas. Emery's house caught fire last Sunday morning before breakfast and consumed the roof and upper floor before it could be stopped.

We once more listened to a young graduate from Delaware, at the M. E. church last Sunday, at 3 p. m. His text was, "Get Thee Hence, Satan."

November 22, 1887. Local Catcher.

Chinese and Politics.

The fact that the Manchoo nation rules the Chinese does not weaken China. The people, and especially the literati of China, are loyal to the imperial family just as if it were Chinese. "The emperor is to me the donor of literary rank, and his ancestors gave my ancestors literary honors for seven or eight generations. I owe him fealty as the fountain of my honors." Such is a specimen of the way in which they reason, and it is an understood thing that any who, on occasion of a popular rising at any place, may be acting as chief magistrates, must die rather than quit their posts.

To talk politics is in common life not allowed. The well conducted citizen pays his taxes, attends to his own affairs, and avoids criticising the government. If he goes to take a cup of tea in a large teashop he sees written up in large characters, "Do not talk politics. The master of the house wishes his customers to avoid such conversation, on his own account as well as on theirs." People will converse of course on political subjects, notwithstanding this injunction, and run the risk of being observed by some one who may report what they have been heard to say, with additions. The daily newspaper, too, is forcing its way as an exciting novelty, and its compact dose of news, local and foreign, is growing into a necessity. But the old system is built up on the absence of a political thought as a foundation, and it is considered that this abstinence from criticism of the government is a duty.—Contemporary Review.

One Danger of Ice Water.

"If people must drink ice water," said a chemist to a reporter, "I would advise them to bottle the water and lay the bottles on the ice, rather than to place ice in the water, for there is no doubt that almost all the river and lake ice used in New York contains a large proportion of bacteria. Of course, most of the species encountered are harmless, but in Hudson river water and ice there are the bacteria of typhoid fever and the bacteria of suppuration or pyæmia. This cannot be otherwise when you consider the number of hospitals in and near New York, the drainage from which ends in the river. If you must mix the ice and water then get lake ice, for it is the purer of the two. Ice cut from rivers in the vicinity of large cities always contains numerous bacteria, and to my mind the authorities should exercise a supervision over the gathering of such products.

"Ice really should be made by an artificial process, and then only distilled water should be used. Freezing and low temperature do not kill all species of bacteria. Suppuration and typhoid bacilla can be killed only by boiling the water. Therefore, by taking the water that comes from distillation and freezing it you can get ice that might well be taken as a standard for purity."—New York Mail and Express.

Richard Berridge, of Ballynahinch castle Galway, Ire., has left $1,000,000 to advance education in economic and sanitary science in Great Britain. Ireland is expressly excluded, and her need is greatest.

Tribes of Terriers.

To many it will be a novelty to find that Wales and Ireland both produce a distinct race of terriers, which present, however, no striking points of difference with the wiry Scotch. And of the terriers formerly known as Scotch, a more critical age has established sundry classes which hail from this side of the border. There is the Bedlington, for instance, which resembles the Dandie much as his Northumbrian master resembles a Scot, and the Yorkshire terrier, with long, silky coat, a favorite companion of the youths and maidens of the earlier years of the present reign, and then often loosely termed a "Skye." It is this kind of small, long haired dog, whether Yorkshire or "Skye," that is fiercely apostrophized by Curtius, in whose days it seems to have been a novelty. "Iseland dogges, curled and rough all over, showing neither face nor body, a beggarly beast, brought out of barbarous borders."

Delightful are the Dandie Dinmonts, affectionate, intelligent and courageous—the Peppers especially, the Mustard variety seems to want flavor—happy, too, in their association with Sir Walter Scott's finest touches. The Skyes, too, will always claim respect, although fallen out of fashion. The breed, by the way, still exists upon the Island of Skye; but finer specimens are in the hands of the fanciers. Then there are Clydesdale terriers, with the general features of the generic Scotch, and the inevitable black and tan, sometimes called English, but which seems to belong exclusively to no particular clime or realm. The Schipperkes, familiarly called Skips, are, perhaps, the latest development of the terrier fancy, and these hail from Belgium; but of their origin no man knows.—All the Year Round.

"Gath's" Visit to Buffalo Bill.

About Buffalo Bill's entertainment exist the strongest feelings of nationality. Cody himself considers that he is to some extent an American officer. Texas cowboys are as patriotic as Sioux Indians from Wyoming. Buffalo Bill has but little trouble to get along here, as he is thoroughly simple in his intentions; but he expressed some pain at something published in an American newspaper which made it appear that he was guying some of the English princes. Said he: "I would not guy these men for anything in the world, as they have treated me with wonderful consideration, and I do not believe that it is a proper thing to play any practical joke on a well meaning man."

"Oh, I understand that this show costs $2,000 a week; it may be $2,000 a day—it is one or the other. But I did not like to inquire too minutely into the finances of the exhibition. Salisbury and Bill have their treasurer, who is an exact and painstaking man. The show seemed to me to be far better than it was in America. This may be because they have so much larger and better grounds to perform in, and the riding is excellent. Most of the feats, such as shooting by the women, are exceedingly well done. A good many of the British people think that the bucking horses are trained to buck in sight of the audience; but this is a mistake, for when I went to the stables Jack Burke held me back. 'If you go in there,' said he, 'you may get your brains kicked out. There is no calculating on those horses at all.'"—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Biscuits We Eat.

The modern biscuit has very many more shapes and forms than did the biscuit of our grandmother's days. Then the only thing thought to be entitled to the hallowed name of biscuit was a sort of plain light cake, made of flour, cream and soda, that was wholesome and took the place of bread for the morning or evening meal. These light, flaky, grandmother biscuits were generally served hot, with fresh yellow butter and honey or maple syrup, and a person who did not relish such a meal was pronounced sick or in possession of an unappreciative appetite. In modern cookery there is a variety of biscuits. A host of different shaped cakes and crackers are now called biscuits. The cakes are sweet, as are also some varieties of crackers which go under that name. The grandmother biscuit was designed to be eaten hot, but the modern biscuit is made with a view to last for weeks, and not consumed until cold. There are a number of biscuit factories in Chicago that do a large business in their line, shipping their goods to all parts of the country. They are made in different shapes—square, round or scolloped—and one grade is cut to represent various animals. There are also the brown flour biscuits and the oatmeal cakes, ginger snaps and cracknells, all going under the general head of biscuits. These bakeries occupy extensive buildings, employ hundreds of hands, and, in fact, constitute one of the prominent industries of the city.—Chicago Herald.

A Strange Absence of Life.

Another peculiarity of the Saguenay, which adds to its impressiveness, is the absence—the almost total absence—of life upon it. For forty miles the yacht sailed on between its mountainous sides, and from the mouth to Cape Eternity, save the white porpoises near the entrance, I never saw a bird or fish or animal of any kind. It was in truth a solemn sail. The pilot said scarcely a word during the entire passage, and I sat at the helm and steered, silently looking. The wind was strong, blowing straight up between the lofty sides as through a funnel, with the force of half a gale, and the yacht raced through the black water, leaving a long wake of white froth astern; but being sharp at the stem and narrow in her lines she cut the dark current like a knife, noiselessly. Once I thought I saw a seal's head, but it vanished and I was not sure, and in all that forty miles of flight, wind driven, with the August sun shining brightly in the sky, I saw no gull flying overhead, no loon upon the water, no hawk or eagle circling above the lofty cliffs, nor any animal, whether small or great, moving along the shores. Surely, it was a strange sail, and I could only look and marvel at the solitude through which I was so noiselessly passing.—W. H. H. Murray in New York World.

How to Estimate an Income.

A capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon $3,000 in government bonds; and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the interest of $20,000 at 4 per cent. A teamster in Montana or a cowboy in Colorado finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be $40,000 invested in the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a country town, who earns his $2,000 annually, if suddenly debarred from practice would require $66,000 in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor in chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him, in hard cash, the capital of $500,000.—Youth's Companion.

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ROGER LAROQUE.

Adapted and Translated from the French of Jules Mary.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

CHAPTER II

The old housekeeper, Mother Dondaine, as she was called, at her usual hour began her duties in the little cottage which had been inhabited by Larouette. As she went about she discovered, somewhat to her surprise, that the windows were open, and when she had finished dusting and sweeping she went to arrange Larouette's room. But she stood petrified upon the threshold, with her eyes starting from her head, as she saw stretched upon the floor in the midst of the broken and disordered furniture, the secretary open and apparently rifled, her master dead with a ball in his breast. Everything pointed to murder and not suicide.

The first emotion passed, Mother Dondaine regained her coolness. She bent over the inanimate form of Larouette and felt for signs of life, but saw at once that there was but a rigid corpse before her, and she ran as fast as her years would permit to the police station, telling every one she met on the way of her terrible discovery. An hour later M. Lacroix, the commissary of police at Versailles, arrived with Dr. Marthaud, of Ville d'Avray. The two men and the woman entered the house, while crowds gathered around it.

M. Lacroix questioned Mother Dondaine, but she could give him no information.

"Do you know," said he, "whether M. Larouette had any important sum of money in his secretary?"

"I do not, sir. He was not a man to confide his business secrets to any one."

M. Lacroix made a search of the premises, while the doctor examined the body.

"The victim defended himself," said he. "Look, here are traces of finger nails and other marks which prove that they have tried first to strangle him, and because he did not die quick enough they finished him with a pistol shot, which proves that we are not in presence of the deed of a vulgar assassin, but a man in haste to finish, and who must have lost his head, for a detonation in the middle of the night is very imprudent. The house is not isolated. The Villa Montalais is but two steps from here. If M. or Mme. Laroque or their servants were not in bed they must have heard the pistol shot."

"I will question them directly. Can you give any idea of how long he has been dead?"

"He must have been dead since between 11 and 12 o'clock. The murderer doubtless used a small pocket pistol. Here is the ball, which I found in the heart. Death must have been instantaneous." And the doctor gave Lacroix the bit of flattened lead. Lacroix had made a package of all the papers in the desk, and they prepared to leave. "We have nothing more to do here," he said and they closed the doors and went to the house of Roger Laroque. When Victoria announced M. Lacroix Henriette grew deathly pale. 'Great God!' thought she, 'do they suspect already?' At this thought she felt as if death had seized her, and she gathered her courage and crept into the parlor as though weighted down by an invisible burden, yet resolved to bear it.

"Excuse me, madame, for troubling you, but last night here at a few steps from your house, was committed a dreadful crime. A man was assassinated, doubtless for the purpose of robbery, and I have come to ask a few questions of you."

"Of me, sir? What can I tell you?"

"Last night there was a pistol fired in the house next door, which is opposite you. The windows were open, and I thought possibly that some of you might have heard something, or even, perhaps, might have seen something."

"At what hour was this crime committed?"

"Some minutes before midnight."

"That explains why we heard nothing. I went to bed about 10 o'clock and my husband came home soon after. I did not see him."

"Is M. Laroque here?"

"He took the 9 o'clock train to Paris, but he said nothing, which proves that he heard nothing."

"You have a little girl, I believe, of 7 or 8 years. Where does she sleep? Might she not she have heard the detonation?"

"She slept in my bed last night, and never woke until morning."

She said this with a quick, harsh accent, which surprised Lacroix. His keen eye saw here a mystery, and he looked at the young woman whose eyes fell before his.

"Can I see the child?" asked he.

"Certainly, if you think it necessary, but she is not very well this morning having had a nervous attack, and unless it is really necessary?"

'Aha!' thought M. Lacroix, "she doesn't want me to see the little girl. Why?"

Mr. Lacroix was on the point of letting this question pass for the time, when the child stepped to her mother's side from the other room.

"No, mother," she said, without being questioned, "I could not have heard anything. I slept all night without waking."

"I would like to question your servants," said Lacroix, and Henriette rang. Victoria entered.

"Bring the cook and coachman," said she, "and return with them."

In another instant the three were there. The coachman and cook had rooms opening upon the garden. They declared they had seen and heard nothing. They had gone to bed at 10 and slept until morning. It was by report that they had known of the crime. Lacroix made a sign for them to retire, which they gladly obeyed. And as Victoria was about to follow them he called her back.

"One moment, my girl."

She stopped, a little confused. "I am going to ask you the same questions as those I addressed your comrades. At what hour did you go to bed?"

"Why, why," stammered she, looking toward Henriette so earnestly that it was evident that she was waiting for a sign from her mistress. M. Lacroix placed himself between them without seeming to do so by design.

"Answer, my girl, and do not fear to speak the truth."

"I went to bed very late, later than usual. Madame must have told you."

"Why later yesterday than usual?"

"We were waiting for M. Laroque who did not return until after midnight. Madam and Miss Suzanne and I waited for him until nearly midnight."

"You mean 10 o'clock?"

"No, midnight. At 11:30 I was in madam's room. She had rung for me to come and undress Miss Suzanne."

"You are very sure of the hour?"

"Certainly, sir, since I tell you so."

Here was a double contradiction which surprised the magistrate. Why had Mme. Laroque pretended that her husband had returned a few minutes after she had retired and that she had retired at 10 o'clock? What interest had she to prevaricate?

"So then at 11:30 you were in madam's room. That hour coincides with that of the crime. A pistol shot was fired. Did you hear it?"

"Perfectly, and I even observed so to madam [illegible] she was on the balcony, says [illegible] to him."

"And you did [illegible]?"

"No, sir."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, [illegible] "I do not know anything more."

Lacroix noticed that she grew pale and thought she had [illegible] something and will not tell it [illegible], with a [illegible] air, he turned again to Henriette [illegible].

"[illegible] again [illegible] tell me the truth and [illegible] nothing to serve as evidence at the court of assizes, but the affair [illegible] reflection"——

"Sir!"

"Do not say that you do not understand me. No, my meaning is very clear to you and you have understood it perfectly. You say that [illegible] not need my [illegible] much annoyance [illegible]. That is true and [illegible] all [illegible] questions [illegible] gone [illegible]."

"Again sir——"

"I entreat you madame, [illegible]. Up to the present moment you say you were asleep at 10 o'clock. [illegible] your little girl had gone to bed [illegible]."

"I assure you, sir," said Henriette, who seemed ready to [illegible].

"Do not deny. Your maid says otherwise."

"She is mistaken."

"Is it not more likely you who are mistaken?" insinuated the magistrate, who watched the visible emotion of Henriette with a vigilant eye.

"Is it possible that after all I did not notice the hour and it may have been later than I thought."

"Is it true that Victoria called your attention to a pistol shot in your window?"

"I do not remember it."

"And you declare that you heard nothing, although you were so late out on the balcony?"

"Monsieur, permit me to remark," said Henriette, who felt that she could bear no more, "that you question me with as much rigidity as if I were an accomplice of this crime. There is a just limit which I beg of you not to pass. Your questions and your insinuations humiliate and fatigue me. If you please, let this end."

"I only search the light, madame," said Lacroix, with much gentleness, "and to surround myself with all the witnesses that might form my conviction. As you wish, madame, I will withdraw, particularly as I have noticed for some moments that you were profoundly agitated."

With this he saluted her coldly, but politely, and withdrew, leaving her a prey to violent agitation. What to do! How hinder Victoria from telling all she knew? How much did she know? Would all she possessed buy her silence? Hardly knowing what she did she rang for Victoria, but learned that she had been ordered to go directly to the magistrate's office, where she was now without doubt being examined by M. Lacroix. Henriette passed over in her mind all that had happened, and the more she thought the greater grew her agony, for she knew that her own denial, coupled with what Victoria might say, would serve to bring down the avalanche upon her shoulders. She could do nothing, but sit in a weary, dazed way, from which even the caresses of her child could not rouse her.

In the meantime the magistrate by threats and promises obtained from Victoria the fact that mother and child had been on the balcony, that she had heard every word they had said as they spoke to some one to her invisible, and who they believed to be Roger Laroque, heard Suzanne say, "There is papa going to see the neighbor," their apparent agitation, and all that testimony was written down and she was made to sign it and then told not to go back to the house, but to hold herself in readiness for future orders. Then M. Lacroix took all the papers he had seized at the dead man's house and read them, after which he made them into two packages. One held papers of no moment, the other contained two letters only, each containing but a few lines. But in reading them M. Lacroix could not restrain an exclamation of joy and surprise. These letters were dated six and eight days back and both addressed to Larouette, who, according to the address on the envelopes, lived at that time Rue S[illegible], No. 17, in Paris. The first was as follows:

"Sir: You call upon me to pay to you 1[illegible]000 francs, loaned me by your uncle, Mr. Celestin Vaubernon, who [illegible] you are. I will not conceal from you that the restitution of so important a sum at the present moment will greatly embarrass me. If you will call at my office at Rue St. Maur, I will explain to you the nature of that embarrassment. ROGER LAROQUE."

The other was more [illegible]:

"Sir: You exact your money. You have the right to do so. You can call at Rue St. Maur, and receive from the cashier the 1[illegible]0,000 francs [illegible] which has accrued, and which I pay [illegible]. It is for me almost the certainty of ruin, bankruptcy and dishonor. ROGER LAROQUE."

M. Lacroix was convinced. At last all [illegible] seemed to accumulate [illegible] as the murderer. And, horrible thought! the wife and child had witnessed the crime. The motive was clear. [illegible] Larouette, and to avoid ruin and bankruptcy had planned and executed this crime.

M. Lacroix did not [illegible] his time in useless deductions. He felt that he must move quickly to prevent Roger Laroque from dispersing the sum of money he had stolen from Larouette. He took the train for Paris and went direct to the prefecture of the police and they gave him two detectives, Tristot and Pivolot. Then he returned to Versailles where he made his report to the judge and state attorney. Then [illegible] at liberty [illegible] he shut himself up in his study to lay out his plans for the preliminary examination of the inhabitants of the Villa Montalais.

And what was taking place at the villa during this coming and going of the commissary of the police? Henriette was in a mortal agony of fear since the morning. Fever burned in her veins. She was [illegible] and uncertainty. Victoria did not return. Roger did not come home at [illegible]. Night fell and [illegible] windows were all closed. [illegible] In the morning Roger returned. [illegible] his wife [illegible] his own room where he [illegible] once.

But [illegible] that the mother and child heard R[illegible] [illegible] Suzanne [illegible].

[illegible] that Suzanne slept [illegible] bed. [illegible] Henriette [illegible] down. [illegible] dressed, this same little song he had sung the night before. Yes he sang while dressing, [illegible] the cool morning [illegible].

[illegible] Henriette to be a feeble [illegible].

[illegible] with [illegible] his lips but [illegible] his wife up and [illegible].

"Ah [illegible] up yet?"

"It is [illegible] that I shall go for a walk with Suzanne," [illegible].

"You are very happy. How I wish I could [illegible]." And he kissed Henriette tenderly and she did not [illegible] gesture [illegible] look of fear [illegible] he said.

"How is this young lady? To-day again in your [illegible]? [illegible] I shall [illegible]." And, seating himself [illegible] bed, he took his little girl [illegible] his arms [illegible] her nightdress. She did [illegible] and her eyes were fixed [illegible] would have said she had lost [illegible] not awake yet and [illegible]," said Roger. "Cuddle down and go to sleep again. [illegible]" kissing her again and covering her up carefully.

Then he said in an indifferent tone, "this murder of our neighbor—have they found out anything about who did it?"

"I do not [illegible] the commissaire of the police came here yesterday to question us."

"Your [illegible]," Roger energetically.

"[illegible] Suzanne [illegible] the servants."

"And to what [illegible]?"

"As there was a pistol shot fired in the house so close [illegible] they might naturally suppose we heard it and that we saw [illegible] and perhaps saw something."

"Indeed."

"But you Roger," said she, trembling, "how did you know about this murder, since you left here yesterday morning before it was discovered?"

"When I came home last night the chief of the railroad station told me what he knew—little in fact, not even the man's name."

"Our neighbor was named Larouette."

Roger turned brusquely as he heard this name and turned pale.

"What did you say his name was?"

"Larouette. I heard that during the day."

"Well, that is strange," murmured Roger, and he remained silent a few minutes and then said:

"Do they know the motive of this murder?"

"Robbery, without doubt," answered she, looking full into his eyes. But he did not remark her singular emotion, and he bit his lips in a preoccupied manner. At last he took his hat and cane.

"Excuse me," he said hurriedly, "I must go or I shall miss my train." Henriette did not answer. She felt as if she must cry out to him: 'Fly! Quit France. You will not escape justice. Come no more where I am. You horrify me. Do not soil the forehead of my child with your assassin's kiss!'

But instead of going direct to the train Roger went to the mayor's office and sent his card to the commissary who had just returned from Versailles, asking a private interview with him immediately. They led him before Lacroix, who indicated a chair without speaking. The magistrate's heart beat a little faster than usual. What had Roger Laroque come here to do? What audacious plan had he conceived, who was considered to have been the murderer of Larouette? He feared a trap and was on his guard.

"Sir," said Roger, "I have come to give you, on the subject of the crime which has been committed so near my home an indication which may be of service to you. I have just heard the name of the victim. Day before yesterday I was obliged to pay over 130,000 francs to a man of the same name. The coincidence is curious; only my creditor lived in Paris, Rue Saint Roch, or at least he had an apartment there. As that payment troubled me greatly I had during the last few days several meetings with Larouette, therefore I should know if it was my creditor, and if you wish——"

Mr. Lacroix interrupted him with the greatest calm.

"That will be unnecessary, M. Laroque, as the Larouette who was assassinated was the same to whom you paid the 130,000 francs."

"How do you know?"

"I found among his papers your letters where you speak of this payment, and I thank you for the interest you show. Allow me, however, to ask you a few questions. Did Larouette [illegible] in his dealing with you employ an intermediary?"

"No, he came alone and saw no one but myself."

"Do you know anything about the details of his daily life? His habits—his vices?"

"I never saw him until two weeks ago. The money in question was loaned me by an old friend of my father's, Celestin Vaubernon, Larouette's uncle, who died suddenly a few weeks ago. The only thing I know is that M. Vaubernon did not like his nephew, though I do not know why. And to judge by my dealings with Larouette, Vaubernon's relations with his nephew could not have been agreeable. [illegible] hard, unpitying and very [illegible]."

"I suppose you can give me a description of the checks, drafts or notes which make up the sum you paid him. That would be of great [illegible] to us."

Behind his blue glasses the eyes of the magistrate watched Laroque keenly, but he never seemed to know anything of that scrutiny.

Laroque [illegible], saying, "I will confer with my cashier, who is the only one who can give you these details," and from there he hurried to the train. M. Lacroix watched him as he went out in the direction of the depot, saying to himself, "You are simple. You have come to [illegible]."

Then he took a sheet of official paper and wrote a few lines, signed at the bottom [illegible]: "You will also bring Miss Suzanne [illegible]," and sent it to the Villa Montalais addressed to Henriette. When Henriette received it [illegible] from head to foot. This [illegible] filled out in such a manner [illegible]. She [illegible]. What did M. Lacroix want? To question [illegible] again, to question Suzanne [illegible]? Victoria had not returned [illegible] she had told all. All at once she [illegible] the persistence of the commissary [illegible] took possession of her. She led Suzanne [illegible] M. Lacroix was alone when [illegible].

"[illegible]," said she, bravely. "You [illegible]."

"Yes, but I asked you to bring your daughter."

"Suzanne [illegible] she is but a child. What have you to say to me? In what manner [illegible]?"

"You [illegible] madam. I wish to know [illegible] not only the truth [illegible] without hesitation [illegible]."

"I shall have nothing to add to my deposition of yesterday."

"That is a falsehood."

"Sir," said she rising.

He made a gesture of reassurance, and then with the same hardness repeated, "You are not telling the truth. I have the proof of it."

"I have nothing to add, nothing to retract."

"Then [illegible] word the testimony of Victoria, which was exact and truthful, but to this [illegible] she answered:

"All that [illegible] of foolish invention. Victoria must be insane. Besides, you certainly cannot oblige me to tell you things [illegible] father say nor hear."

"No, madam, I cannot. Even the deposition you make I can only use under the form of a report, for the law forbids me to accept as [illegible] with any relation, father, mother, daughter or wife, of one whom I suspect guilty of being the guilty one I am in search of."

"My husband!"

"You have said it, madame, your husband."

"Why sir, you too must be insane. That is not even common sense, and does not [illegible] me. Nobody will believe it."

"That accusation, madame, rests on what I am sure before night will be undeniable proofs. At this hour your husband is under his first examination in his office in Rue St. Maur. He is in the hands of justice and must defend himself."

"Arrested! Roger! My God! Oh, my God!"

CHAPTER III

Henriette did not weep. She had wept all her tears during these terrible days and nights, [illegible] she looked as do the dead women who die leaving little children.

Henriette did not weep.

"You must suffer greatly, and I pity you from the bottom of my heart," said Lacroix gently.

"I do not need or want your pity. The [illegible] past life of my husband proves his innocence. An honest man does not become a murderer from one day to another without motives. You can accuse him, arrest him, [illegible] him in the courts of justice, but he will pass through all with a clear name. But it [illegible] me to think of all this unmerited trouble."

"Assassin without motives? Do you know [illegible] about your husband's business, madame?" With this he placed before her the accusing letters. She read them as in a dream, and she understood all, but she said no word, though she could not suppress a gesture of horror.

"Now, madame, I shall be obliged, even in spite of my own wish, to interrogate your little girl. We will go to your house, as she is too ill to come here."

M. Lacroix accompanied Henriette to the villa and went with her to the parlor.

"So then, you wish to speak with Suzanne? You wish to question her, although I tell you she is sick?"

She bent her head discouraged, and walked slowly to her bedroom. Suzanne was there, and sprang to her mother's arms, and as she kissed her Henriette whispered in her ear, "Remember." They then returned to the room and Henriette said:

"Go, my child, to this gentleman and answer whatever he asks you."

Suzanne advanced timidly and placed herself [illegible] the knees of M. Lacroix, who put his arm [illegible] her and kissed her forehead. "[illegible] her lesson and will say nothing," thought he. Gently he spoke, putting his hand [illegible] the little chin so as to [illegible] the lovely eyes of the child. "Do you remember what you did night before last, little one?"

She reflected a moment, and then answered in a firm, clear voice:

"Why, yes sir. I played in the garden, and watered my flowers, and I made a big bouquet of roses for the dinner table and then I played with my new big doll, which mamma gave me that morning because I was seven years old that day. And then I helped mamma, and we made my doll a lovely blue satin dress, and we put it on and we made her a hat just like it. That was all, I think."

"But in the evening—after the lamps were lighted?"

"I did nothing. I staid by mamma, who was teaching me a verse to say to papa, but I did not say it until the next morning, because papa did not come home until I was in bed."

"You forget many things."

"That may be. I don't know."

"Do you know how late it was when you went to bed?"

"I do not know. Perhaps mamma could tell you."

"When you were on the balcony what did you see in the street?"

"Nothing."

"And you did not see a man, the very one you were waiting for, your father? Did you not see him go into your neighbor's house? Did you not call him, and then say, 'Look, there goes papa into the neighbor's house,' and an instant after hear a pistol shot, which must have frightened you? Now, tell me the truth, my child."

"No, sir, and I do not know what you mean." And the courageous child looked at her mother with an infinite tenderness. Henriette was seated near the window, where she could see Suzanne without being seen by Lacroix, who was vexed and humiliated by his lack of success with these two weak creatures who were still too strong for him.

"Madame," said Lacroix suddenly, "I would be obliged to you if you would leave me alone with this child a few minutes. From your room you can hear all we say."

Henriette rose and walked feebly to her room, where she dropped, an inert mass, on the first chair. "Now then, dear, listen to me. In obstinately refusing to tell me what you saw you are doing a great harm to your father. Why will you not tell me all you saw and heard? Who are you afraid of? Did your mother tell you to keep silent? If she did she was wrong. I do not want to harm your father. There are people, though, who pretend that they saw him go night before last into M. Larouette's house to kill him and take his money. You love your father, I am sure, and want him to come back to you. Well, if they prove that he went there he can never come back and perhaps they will send him away to prison and you will never see him again. Perhaps even they would do worse than that. It depends upon you whether he ever comes back or not. You saw the man who killed Larouette. If it was your father don't tell me, but if it was somebody else, do not be afraid to speak."

During this artfully arranged speech the poor little girl had tried to stifle her sobs and now, almost bursting with restrained grief, fear and terror, she sobbed brokenly:

"I don't know what you want of me. I can not say what I do not know, and I know nothing and I saw nothing. What makes you cause me such grief?"

The tears chased each other down that pale little face in veritable torrents and she stood before him without so much as trying to wipe them away, her little hands hanging helplessly by her side.

"I am sorry I have caused you trouble, poor little one. Go and join your mother." And Suzanne triumphed in that terrible struggle of a man of the world, a magistrate and a commissaire of the police against a small child.

"She had learned her lesson. I thought as much."

At this moment some one rapped on the door leading from the hall, and two men entered. They were Tristot and Pivolot, who had come to tell M. Lacroix that this morning Roger Laroque had been arrested in his office, Rue Saint Maur, and examined once by a commissaire of the judiciary. Profiting by the presence of these two detectives at the Villa Montalais, they proceeded to search the premises for anything which might seem to them useful in establishing their evidence against Roger. This search was not fruitless, as they found in Roger's dressing room the clothes which Roger had worn the night of the crime, the gray coat with its cape, a pair of brown pantaloons which were torn, a high gray hat, with a narrow black band, dented and soiled. Tristot and Pivolot, who had been at work since the previous day, knew that these were undoubtedly the clothes that Roger had worn on the day of the murder.

"Look at the coat, pantaloons and overcoat and hat. Do you know them?" asked Lacroix of Henriette.

"Yes, they are my husband's."

"Did your husband tell you how this hat was crushed and coat and pantaloons became so soiled and torn?"

She made a negative sign.

"Have you the keys to this secretary and the bureau?"

In a few moments every nook and corner was searched and the papers, money, everything that could possibly bear upon the case made into a package, along with the clothes. In one of the bureau drawers M. Lacroix found a small silver handled revolver of six barrels, five of which were loaded and one empty, and it was of a size which would carry just such a ball as the doctor had extracted from the dead man's breast. The three men took their departure, carrying with them the clothes, papers and revolver.

"We shall have to return to-night toward 10 or 11 o'clock for an experiment which I wish to make. Will you please wait our coming?" said Lacroix, as they were about to go.

Henriette bowed without speaking. She had reached the limit of her forces and could no longer resist.

At about 11 Lacroix returned, accompanied by Tristot and Pivolot, and it was Henriette herself who opened the door for him. She had tried to imagine what could be their object, but vainly. And after all, what did it matter? It would only be one torture more. Neither of the detectives entered the house with M. Lacroix. They remained in the garden, while he mounted to the parlor, where he said:

"I must ask your permission, madame, to go into your room for a few minutes only."

"What do you wish to do?"

"You shall see. It is an experiment."

He went into the room. Suzanne was in bed. She had begged so hard of her mother not to make her go to bed until they should have gone.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she had begged, "protect me from that man! Forbid him to talk to me, he frightens me!"

As soon as she saw M. Lacroix she retreated to the back of the room, while the magistrate went out on the balcony. The night was splendid. The sky seemed covered with stars which shone like so many pitying eyes upon this corner of the earth where for two days despair had made its habitation. The calm was so great that there was not even a leaf stirring. Opposite, the cottage of Larouette, mournful and deserted since the assassination, seemed to animate itself and to live. Before the open window of the victim's room a shadow moved. A candle placed on the table suddenly lighted the scene, the theatre of the crime. Lacroix then came and took Suzanne by the hand. She drew back, saying:

"Mamma, mamma, I don't want to go!"

Henriette mechanically approached the balcony, not imagining what M. Lacroix intended to do, but, suddenly having seen, she understood, and drew back with a cry of horror.

"No, you shall not do that," cried the unhappy woman, throwing herself between Suzanne and M. Lacroix. "It would be an abomination, an atrocious abuse of power that is not permitted you. It is enough to have tortured us as you have done for the last two days. You are in my house and in my room and I have the right to order you to leave it, and I do. Go! go!"

She was in a state of agitation bordering on insanity, and she drew back from M. Lacroix, hiding the child's terrified face in her robe.

"But reflect, madame," said Lacroix.

"I have told you that my child is sick. A strong emotion may kill her, so delicate and nervous she is. Have pity upon her, sir. And what do you wish anyhow from her? What of me? Why for two days have you entered by force into our lives, giving us no instant of repose? A crime has been committed near us. Is it my fault or hers? You trespass upon our rights, and your zeal carries you too far. A woman's chamber should be sacred to you, and more sacred still the terrors, the tears and the innocence of this child. Go then, I tell you."

She was angry, felt outraged and not only that but hemmed in and helpless, and perhaps she would have betrayed herself had he not answered coldly:

"Since neither you nor your daughter knows anything of the murder of Larouette how can you know that we are about to rehearse the crime?"

She said no more except "Have mercy upon us, oh Father of the fatherless!"

Lacroix said:

"Since she saw nothing why is she afraid? And why does she not wish to go with me on the balcony?"

Suzanne suddenly lifted her head and looked at her with a rage which said plainly, "I fear nothing, I am [illegible]."

And with Lacroix she went out on the balcony. Opposite, in the little room, seated before his secretary, was a man occupied with his papers. This was Tristot. Behind him burned the candle which shed its light. Lacroix touched Suzanne's shoulder. "Look, child! If you have seen you will remember."

Then came up the street a tall man, with a high gray hat and gray coat with a cape. This was Pivolot in Roger's clothes. One by one the dreadful scenes of the drama were worked out with remarkable force and precision.

"One can see perfectly well," said Lacroix, "and it is evident if they were as Victoria says, on this balcony, they saw all."

During this time he held Suzanne by the hand. He hoped that she would show some emotion, make some movement, but not one did she make. Then he leaned over gently and looked at her closely and found that her eyes were tightly closed and she held them so with such force that her little face was one mass of wrinkles. She had wished not to see, and she had not seen!

"Sublime child!" murmured the magistrate. "She has conquered me."

[To be continued.]

Robert Louis Stevenson's favorite novel is Dumas' "Vicomte de Bragelonne."

ROOMS FOR BACHELORS.

MEN IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS WHO DO THEIR OWN HOUSEWORK

Eight [illegible] Where Women Are Excluded—Reporter, Actors, Mechanics and Clerks Who Cook Their Own Meals—A Peep at the Rooms.

An [illegible] in an evening paper offering furnished rooms for housekeeping for gentlemen only was the cause of [illegible]ment. [illegible] uptown boarding house [illegible] advertisement was credited with [illegible] paragraph. [illegible] but [illegible] doubts at rest [illegible] that the advertisement meant [illegible].

"There is more than one house in New York [illegible] where single men rent rooms and do their own housekeeping, cooking, [illegible] beds, sweeping and so on, and [illegible] but it is [illegible] built that [illegible] proud to say that while I was down on my luck I occupied an alcove room in this house mentioned in the advertisement. I paid $3 a week and lived for $2 more. A legacy left to me by my aunt has put higher living in my power, and I left my bachelor room with regret. The life was pleasant and after [illegible] expert at cooking I assure you that I cooked many a dainty, with all the skill of a French chef."

The [illegible] visited the house where the furnished rooms for housekeeping for gentlemen [illegible]. The ring at the bell was answered by a tidy Irish girl [illegible] room vacant. The landlady was summoned and showed the reporter [illegible] to a back room.

"It is to rent with all the necessaries for [illegible] housekeeping. A closet in the hall is the place for your coal and your groceries, and an ice box for your meat. The price is $4 per week."

HOME COSY [illegible]

The room was about fourteen feet square. It contained a folding bed, a chiffonier [illegible] which were two teacups and saucers of fanciful pattern. In the different compartments were other dishes of stoneware and glass. A cupboard stood at the right of the mantel, in which were two tablecloths, four napkins, a quilt and a woolen blanket, and in a lower compartment an iron pot, a spider and two stew pans. The stove was a No. 7 with two covers and was polished brightly. A wardrobe, sofa, easy chair, two dining chairs and a round table were placed about the room in convenient positions.

"You don't rent rooms to women?" remarked the reporter.

"No indeed! I don't want any women about my house. They are more trouble than they are worth. I used to rent rooms to women, but they found fault with everything. They washed their clothes in the bathroom and invaded the kitchen at all times in the day to borrow flatirons. I have a house full of gentlemen who cook, eat and sleep here and I never hear a word of complaint and seldom see them only when they pay their rent."

"What class of men do you have?"

"I have with me now a reporter, an actor, a street car conductor, a florist, an engineer on the Elevated railroad, a bookkeeper, two clerks who cook together, and a policeman."

At this point the lady was informed of the object of the reporter's visit, and she sat down to enlighten him further.

"I am an English woman," she said, "and kept lodgings in London before coming to New York. There it is a common thing for men to do their own housekeeping. I came to New York as a waiting maid to an English actress. Liking the city I concluded to stop here, and conceived the idea of renting rooms to gentlemen only. At first I did not meet with success, but now I can rent all of my rooms. I pay $100 a month for this house. I have eight rooms that bring me in $110. There is $10 profit on my rent. Then I get my living from my roomers. You see, it's this way. A woman nine times out of ten will throw away her waste but a man won't. My rooms give me more than I can eat—a bunch of celery and other green stuff, meat and fruit that will spoil and of which they had purchased too much. My servant girl costs me $5 a month only, but she doesn't do anything but laundry work and my cooking. My roomers make their own beds, and very handy they are at it."

THROUGH THE ROOMS

The lady then took the reporter through the house. Only one room was untidy, and that was the actor's. Clay pipes and tobacco were scattered over the mantel, shoes, slippers and clothing were thrown about the room, while on the bed slovenly [illegible] up was a pile of manuscript and [illegible].

"This man is an actor of good parts," explained the lady, "but he is slouchy about his room. Quite different is the next room that is occupied by the engineer."

This room was neatness personified. The bed was as smooth as could be, the floor was swept clean, and the tin pans were as bright as the brasses on his engine probably were. A small library was suspended on a shelf containing books on railroading, a dictionary and Shakespeare.

Other rooms visited showed the same neatness, but each had some character [illegible] of the occupant in the way of ornament. The policeman had two clubs crossed over his mantel with a pair of boxing gloves. [illegible] The clerk's room was fixed up with plush holders for brushes, [illegible] with the photographs of noted actresses stuck here and there on the wall. A pile of poker chips and a pack of cards were most conspicuous in the bookkeeper's room, but the beds were well made and the floors and dishes clean.

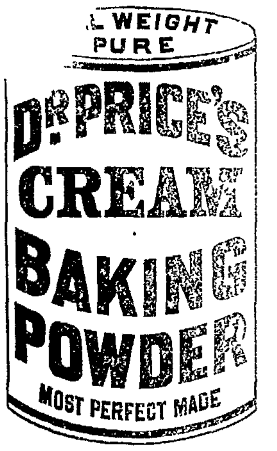
"The men," said the lady, "are up early, get their breakfast, wash their dishes, dress for business and are off all of them before 8 o'clock. They return from 4 to 7 at night, get their supper and go out again. They are quiet and better tenants than any I ever had."

"Is poverty the cause of their living in this way?"

"Oh no, I guess not. You know the old saying, that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. I saw the [illegible] envelope one week and it had $[illegible] marked on it. I am sure they all earn good wages except the actor, and [illegible]. He continues doesn't get any, but I let him stay for he pays when he can."

At this juncture a neatly dressed gentleman [illegible] and passed up the stairs. It was the [illegible]keeper and the reporter [illegible] familiar sight in the [illegible] good fellow all around and [illegible] fashionable boarding house uptown.

The [illegible] for the roomers was done by the [illegible] who bought whatever the [illegible] wanted, taking his book to the store [illegible] of provisions purchased, for which the men paid weekly.—New York Evening Sun.



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The English Servant's Duties

In England the position of each servant, and the duties that belong to each exclusively, are clearly marked out and established. There is a separate servant for every known and conceivable division of domestic labor. Each does (and will do no more than) what is laid down in the prescribed and well settled rules of service. And it is not confined, this exclusiveness in the matter of work, to those whose nominal divisions of labor are in their character diametrically dissimilar. It is not that a groom or coachman would not, on occasion or even emergency, be prevailed upon to wash the dishes or make the beds, or that the kitchenmaid or housemaid could be expected to go out and bed down the horses for the night or clean the harness. No one could feel surprised at the refusal of either. But it is that no footman could be induced, much less ordered, to light a fire, or fetch up hot water to the bedrooms, no butler could be cajoled into carrying up a tray or coffee, or carrying out a basket of dirty plates. In the one instance the work is the legitimate and sole duty of the housemaid, in the other that of the footman.

Of course I speak of large, or fairly large establishments, or in small ones, say three or four servants, the cook may help to make the beds and [illegible] out the hall, and the housemaid assist in washing the dishes. The rules of strict division of labor are not so strictly enforced and observed in small establishments as in large, but there is, nevertheless, a fairly rigid adherence to the exclusively legitimate duties of the particular place in all households of the gentry. What are known as general servants, or women who do general housework, in America are called "maids of all work" in England. They are almost without exception employed in the houses of tradesmen.—"Coolingnc" in The Argonaut.

Moorish Horsemanship

Now and then a stranger, the owner of a good horse and a man having confidence in his horsemanship, declines to join the bands of riders. He prefers showing off on his own account. "Who is he? Where does he come from?" and similar inquiries are heard as he rides down the line of spectators in a preparatory walk. He seems pleased with that rather than the reverse to hear these remarks, especially so when some rather uncomplimentary surmises are ventured upon about himself or steed. Presently down comes this unknown knight in all his glory! Upright he stands upon his stirrups—high above his horse's neck—with gun to shoulder. Now he points to the right, now to the left, now to the front and then suddenly twisting round he lets fly his gun as if at some pursuing enemy. There is a murmur of applause as he leisurely walks his horse back, and each time as he returns he earns by some new feat the approving shouts of the delighted crowd. In his last round his steed is galloping faster than ever, but the rider seems tired and careless. However, like a thought—like a flash of lightning—he suddenly stands up on his feet in his saddle with gun to shoulder. As the weapon blazes away he seems to sit in two and with a third, he is once more astride of his steed, which this time is not checked but gallops off with him back, probably, to Fez or Morocco, where the sultan has an army of such horsemen.—St. James' Gazette.

The Latest Queer Boston Notion

A new charity [illegible] in Boston. The latest [illegible] is known as "The Cheerful Letter Exchange," and a friend who [illegible] letter [illegible] it is worked. A lady [illegible] the addresses of several "poor but respectable" women and girls residing in the distant west, which she distributes among the young women of her acquaintance in her social [illegible]. Each young woman then writes to the persons whose addresses she has received and offers to exchange bright and cheery letters. In most instances the proposal is accepted with gratitude, and thus many letters, books and papers are sent out of Boston homes of cultivation and leisure to give pleasure and amusement in presumed to be less favored homes. I agree with my friend that it must be a very difficult task to maintain a cheerful correspondence with persons about whom one knows nothing, and that an occasional one dollar bill tucked into a letter would be to many of those at the other end of the line more "cheerful" than the Boston girl's chatter, charming and perhaps helpful as that might be. The [illegible], however, has this advantage. It affords [illegible] less occupation to young women of leisure here in Boston who desire to [illegible] as a sentimental [illegible] comfort [illegible].—Boston Post.

How Women Begin to Drink

Out of an examination of 264 inebriate women I have found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whisky (as punch at first, usually), 20 began with wine, 8 with gin and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls largely, began by going to some so called refreshment saloon with their friends and the debutante usually began by sipping a little tonic (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic acid gas and colored with burnt sugar); beer soon followed, and soon many other kinds of intoxicants, recklessness and crime, and what was an innocent, foolish girl yesterday is today a branded criminal, and all for a glass of beer.—Godey's Lady Book.